The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol ⟶ (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▽ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

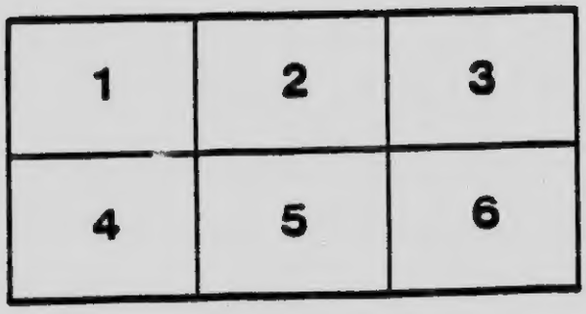
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole ⟶ signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



OUT OF BONDAGE INTO LIBERTY

EDITED BY

REV. G. A. CHRISTIE.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION BY PATRICK MORGAN
(Late of the Capuchin Fathers.)

OTTAWA, CAN.
HOLINESS MOVEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE,
1912.

BT 753
09

COPYRIGHT CANADA, 1912.

PREFACE.

THE idea of this book first presented itself to my mind whilst engaged in closet prayer.

After mature deliberation I felt strongly led of God to make an appeal for written testimonies from a number of dear brothers and sisters who had fled "Out of Bondage into Liberty."

These experiences show the wondrous dealings of God with man in his natural state, and of His power to deliver the captive from the bonds of iniquity. There are many testimonies also that bear witness to the efficacy of the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse the heart from its inbred defilement, and to fill the soul with divine love. There are those, too, who definitely witness to the baptism of the Holy Ghost as an enduement for service. Again, there are others also, who tell of being healed by the Great Physician.

It is my fervent prayer that the gracious Lord will lead many precious souls through the instrumentality of this labor of love to seek Him, whom to know is life eternal.

It will afford me much pleasure to hear from any who have obtained help from the reading of this book, and also to receive the experiences of

many others who have witnessed in their lives the power of God to save, sanctify, anoint and heal, so that as soon as this present edition is exhausted another and larger one, the Lord willing, may be offered to the public.

The testimonies contained herewith, for the most part, were written hurriedly, and consequently labor many imperfections. All we claim for them is the record of honest experiences of men and women who have come to the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus.

Yours, in the Master's service,

G. A. CHRISTIE.

INTRODUCTION.

THAT there are in this age of apathetic frigidity those in our fair Dominion o tenaciously adhere to the original doctrines of free, present and conscious salvation and deliverance from all sin, by faith in the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, is matter of sincere congratulation.

The salvation which John Wesley, our founder, obtained by faith in Christ, and which he taught others to expect, is salvation from sin, its guilt, its power, its pollution, its pain, and that salvation comprehends both inward and outward holiness.

Wesley and his followers measured their success not by the numbers that embraced their opinions and modes of worship; but by those who were saved from sin, and made the spiritual worshippers of God.

Wesley recognized the natural state of man as a state of guilt and condemnation, and of depravity and helplessness. He is under the sentence of eternal death, and is at the same time under the power of sin, so as to be unable either to offer to God acceptable worship or acceptable obedience. He cannot atone for any of his sins;

nor can he escape from his evil nature, by any efforts that he may put forth. The salvation which has been merited for him by the death, resurrection and mediation of Christ, and which the Gospel reveals, fully meets his deplorable case.

It comprehends two great blessings—justification and entire sanctification—by which we understand deliverance from the guilt of actual transgression and from the power of inherited depravity. This salvation is obtained by faith in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ.

Whatever may be the depth of a man's penitential sorrow, the intensity of his desire to please and enjoy the presence of the Saviour, or the earnestness and importunity of his prayers, he is not justified and regenerated till he exercise a lively faith in the meritorious offering of Him who died without the gate. When he pleads the blood forgiveness is sealed upon his conscience, and the sin that dwelleth in him ceases to have the dominion. He becomes fully justified as if he had never committed a single sin, but had actually fulfilled all righteousness; and hence there is nothing to hinder the communication of the Holy Spirit in all His plenitude of regenerating power.

This salvation is a matter of personal consciousness. There is the spirit of adoption in the believing heart, crying, "Abba, Father"; and happy is the man whom the Son thus makes free.

From the time that I became conscious of what sin meant, my earnest desire, my heart-felt wish, was for peace with God and for the love of God. I was told to prepare for the Sacrament of Penance. Admitted to Holy Communion, I tried to persuade myself that the day of my reception of the "wafer god" was the happiest of my life, but in my heart I knew this was not the case. A year later, and my Confirmation only added to my misery. For a year after making my first confession I used to go regularly once a month, then I began to go fortnightly, and at last I confessed regularly once a week. Time after time I made general confessions of my whole life, faithfully did I perform the penance enjoined, scrupulously did I keep fasts and abstinences ordained by "Mother Church." Every Sunday I heard as many Masses as I could, and never, if possible, did I neglect doing the same on week days. I joined the Confraternities of the "Queen of Angels," and confraternity of "The Holy Rosary," the "Third Order of St. Francis," that of "The Sacred Heart of Jesus," and was invested with the "Brown Scapular." But all of no avail. My confessions never satisfied me, although they seemed to do those to whom I made them, who insisted on my taking, under obedience to my spiritual directors, their view of the case. Even they could not and dared not

assure me of the certainty of my acceptance with God. They said I had a moral certainty, but no man in this life knew whether he was worthy of love or hate. Conscious of my sin, which stood between me and the favor of God, I, in my despair of ever attaining to this personal love and trust between me and Him, begged of Him to take me out of life, even were He to cast me into perdition.

The limitations of space preclude lengthened reference to my many struggles in College University, Seminary and Monastery.

In passing, however, I would mention that what with my scanty monastic garb, sandalled feet and hard bed, with shockingly poor food, together with the scourging with whips and a hundred and one ways of torturing and crushing the flesh and spirit, my health, which was once of the strongest, is now permanently undermined. I might even trace how my love of independence of thought and action was discouraged, frowned down, denounced; the way I discovered that the claim of infallibility would not bear investigation; the reasons which led me to repel the baneful and unprimitive practice of auricular confession; the many times I was shocked by all the subtleties and entanglements connected with the doctrines of Transubstantiation, Intention, and the Immaculate Conception; the usurped mediatorial

office of Christ in the invocation of saints, and of the iniquitous traffic in the Masses for the dead, but the thought of by-gone days is a terrible nightmare, and saving for the purpose of thanking God, I find nothing to be gained in looking back.

Was it any wonder that I gradually evolved into a most thorough going materialist, resolutely rejecting as inconceiveable the existence of the soul in man, taking the ground that it was possible to believe only what could be made evident to the physical senses?

I was as ignorant as any Hottentot concerning God's plan of salvation. Such also was the wretched condition of every priest and monk with whom I had associated.

I became thoroughly discontented. For many months I had endeavored to iperce the veil of the material universe, and to discover what, if anything, lay hid behind it. I was baffled. In this unspeakably desperate state, a prey to gloomy apprehensions I wandered for days, sometimes far into the night, up and down the side streets of Ottawa. I was simply existing, vaguely conscious of a great need, but entirely ignorant of its nature, and having no one to show me the path to freedom.

No remedy! Then why exist? I concluded that I might just as well end my miserable career,

and with this object in view, I sought out a third-rate men's furnishing store and purchased a very rough suit of clothes; so that when my body was discovered, my parents and friends would not be compelled to face the disgrace.

I waited until the evening, and wended my way down the railway track which led to Prescott. I looked back many times with feverish expectancy, anxiously hoping a train would overtake me, and I well remember how I set my teeth and thrust my hands deep into my pockets—would a train never come. My agony was intense. I arrived in Prescott completely exhausted, no train having passed by.

Cold, penniless, hungry, and without God—I felt wretched. Almost frozen, I asked permission to sleep in the prison cells. No sooner did the iron gate close upon me and the lock went home, than I foamed out a hideous stream of blasphemy against God and hurled maladiction after maladiction on the heads of my dear parents.

Early the next morning, greatly weakened in body, whilst stumbling along the main street, a dear brother invited me to his home.

After the evening meal, he read a few verses from his Bible, and then requested me to kneel with him in prayer. Up to this moment I had a deep feeling of gratitude, but as he continued in prayer my heart became filled with hatred toward

him. No doubt he saw the murderous look I gave him, and concluded it would be better, for the time being, to leave me to myself.

A night or two after this I was given a small book devoted to testimonies. I glanced over the book in a haphazard manner until I came to the last few pages. One of the experiences riveted my attention. I read on. Here was a note of certainty. "I feel I have a whole Jesus to myself." The book dropped from my fingers and I found myself on my knees. In a remarkably short time the light of God broke into my darkened soul.

To-day, I possess the self-same conscious calm and tranquility that I then obtained.

There are contained in these pages the experiences of men, older and stronger—men who have braved battles I have yet to fight—and the volume claims, in my opinion, no common attention. The sheaf of personal narratives of which it mainly consists, has been compiled, not to meet the critic's eye, but to be of use in leading other weary souls "Out of Bondage into Liberty."

Mr. Christie has, in my view, constructed his book for that purpose, in the Spirit that wins and holds.

PATRICK MORGAN.

OUT OF BONDAGE INTO LIBERTY.

A MISSIONARY'S TESTIMONY

When but a mere boy I was soundly converted to God, and for a few years enjoyed the presence and blessing of God. But afterwards I fell away and went into sin, yet kept up a kind of profession. This continued for some years until I was again awakened. In services conducted by evangelists of the Holiness Movement Church, in the year 1895, I was brought under deep conviction for sin. At times sleep, and also the desire for food, left me. I began to cry to God for mercy and to seek pardon. My whole life passed before me, and it seemed as though I saw every sin I had committed. I saw them all with grief and shame. And although I had lived a moral life, I felt I was the worst of all creatures on earth; so wicked that I thought I was too bad to be saved. I felt I had sinned away my day of grace. I thought I was doomed. I therefore decided to make hell as light as possible. I confessed all my sins to God and man, and as far as I was able, I made everything right by confession and restitu-

tion. All my worldliness and ornaments went with one stroke, until I was as free from sinning and from worldliness as I have been since. Surely the Spirit wrote these things on my awakened heart.

In this state of mind I continued weeping, groaning, praying, confessing, but still believing there was no hope for me, until the 18th day of August, 1895, when a friend, to whom I had made known my trouble, and who had gotten into like trouble about his own soul, but had that evening found deliverance, rushed up to my room about midnight, and telling me God would save me as He had saved him. I sprang out of bed, dressed and went downstairs, where two other brothers, who had accompanied my friend, were waiting. We dropped on our knees, and in a few moments I was saved, every sin fled, and it seemed as though all heaven came down into my soul. My burden and grief rolled away, and I felt as free as a bird. Never can I forget that happy midnight hour when I passed from death unto life, and from the power of Satan unto God.

My friend and I began prayer meetings that week. Wherever we could get into a home we held a prayer meeting, and as a result many of our companions and friends found salvation as we did. We were possessed of great zeal, and our faith seemed to compass the globe. I felt I

had power over all sin, inward and outward. In fact, I did not feel an uprising for some time. I followed God in every detail. Taking up my cross, I wholly followed Christ and confessed Him before all, and in all places. I was very happy. But after some time, I was shocked to find that within my breast there was something I knew was not like God. I felt it, but did not understand what it was; but, oh, how I felt when I first made the discovery. It did not conquer me at any time. I had perfect victory over it, and yet I did not know what it was—whether temptation or sin. I cried mightily to the Lord for deliverance, and also made inquiries as to my state. I was told there was deliverance for me. On going to a meeting, I dropped down in the front of the carriage, and again all my life came up, and I seemed to be able to examine it all there before God, and more particularly that part of it after I had been converted. Such a feeling no tongue can express. I saw as it were the Lord in all His holiness and purity, and then to think I had down in my heart that inbred corruption my grief was inexpressible. I do not remember of speaking to a soul on the way to the place of service. I sat near the door. The service began and the preaching continued; but I do not remember one word that was spoken. All I could

think of was my unholy heart, and the time of prayer, which should follow the preaching.

Finally, the call came for seekers of holiness to come. I ran, and every step I said, I will never leave the place, if it is all night, until I am made holy. I fell to my knees at the altar, lifted my hands to heaven, and began, as I thought, for an all night siege; but I had scarcely fallen on my knees when the work was done. I was entirely sanctified. There was no more praying. The power fell so that all present were almost bewildered.

I cannot tell how many were either saved or cleansed at that moment. I only knew the place was awful. When I was able to speak to the people. I told them to publish everywhere that I was holy. And so they did. The news went far and wide that night. This was on the 26th of September, following my glorious conversion—two periods in my life I shall never forget. Glory be to Jesus!

I was blessed and carried, as it were, into the heavens. My soul swells within me as I pen these lines, heaven beams down.

Again on the 3rd of March, 1899, I was baptized with the Holy Ghost and Fire, and I thought all my flesh would melt away, and I never would rise again.

These experiences are the real things of my

life, and I feel that the angels in heaven say Amen.

To-day I press hard for the heavenly world, and expect to flame until the gates close behind me and shut me in with my blessed Lord forever.

Yours, to tell to all men what God has done for my soul,

(REV.) C. W. TROTTER.

A CONVERTED FORMALIST

From boyhood to manhood my religion consisted of sentiment. During the first thirty years of my life no one, whom I heard, preached the necessity of repentance sufficiently clear to open my eyes. " 'Tis only noble to be good," was my motto, and for twelve years I strove to teach this kind of religion. Teaching in Sunday Schools wherever I worked, holding positions in Epworth Leagues and Churches, with a zeal not uncommon even in more worldly men.

At a meeting in a neighboring Church, called a "consecration service," an invitation was given for people to consecrate all to God. I found many things reserved, but went forward and, under intense feeling, laid all on the altar of God. Worldly ambition in my heart died then, and has never revived. But my religion was unchanged in character.

During the summer of 1909, I heard Rev. W. W. Lake, of the Holiness Movement, preaching in the Spirit at Malone. A strange feeling of sinfulness and unworthiness came to me, but hearing of Entire Sanctification for the first time my deceitful heart persuaded me that that was my lack, and returning to Clinton, I opened our home for meetings to seek this experience. To my surprise, though I now read in the works of John Wesley (which I was advised to procure), that this experience was necessary for those who wished to enter heaven, yet every effort was exerted to prevent the free course of the Spirit of God in our little meetings.

My wife attired in plain dress. We liked the narrow way, the pilgrims seemed so free from weights and ran so easily the race toward the celestial city. Till February, 1909, we were troublers and obnoxious to our brethren. We knew no better than to agitate for revival effort and became a thorn in the flesh to pastor and others at ease in Zion. We were invited to leave.

We fitted up a mission, and Rev. W. G. Burns came with his wife, and under the thunders of God's Word I saw all my righteousness as filthy rags. Under the text, "For I desired mercy and not sacrifice," (Hosea 6:6), I surrendered, threw away my profession, fell at the feet of Jesus

pleading for mercy and His blood to wash away my sins which rose before me mountains high.

This was on February 21, 1909, at 11.45 Sunday morning. I became suddenly conscious of a powerful current, like electricity, which entering my head, rushed to my heart and all through my body, filling me with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I learned that by searching I could "find out God."

We held services almost daily for months. On October 21, 1909, great faith came to me, and I reached up to God for the witness to a clean heart. The witness was very clear. A similar current passed through me, and I saw my heart enlarged, lit up from within and clean as polished gold, then like warm oil the love of God came pouring in filling and overflowing my heart with love for God and man. God continues to give me these divine contacts with Himself, and truly these seasons are heaven to my soul.

I never felt the road narrow since God forgave my sins. I am His for sacrifice or service. God pours His power upon me, and while in twelve years formerly I know not one person converted through me or under my observation, already in two years we have had the joy of witnessing the conversion in our work here of nine souls, among them my father and mother.

My burden is for formalists and drunkards, that God will open their eyes to see salvation only through the shed blood of the Lamb of God.

Yours in Christ,

FRED J. HILL.

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING

In the year 1879 I was born, of poor parentage, in Germany. My father was a Roman Catholic, my mother a Lutheran. I received my religious training in the Lutheran Church. When I was thirteen years old my schooling was past. Our class all went through the form of confirmation, and we were informed that now we were Christians.

I soon left my native home and went abroad in the hotel business. Here I had to work harder on the Sabbath day than on week days. From this time I had no chance to go to a place of worship. Sin took an awful hold on me, and evil habits were rapidly formed, so much so, that I soon became a hopeless slave to passion through drunkenness. My father was a drunkard, and soon all the appetite for this damning liquid was aroused in me. At the age of sixteen, I was already a confirmed drunkard.

In my eight years' sinful career, I truly saw the "corruption that is in this world through lust."

In this experience of bondage I became disgusted with myself and many times I tried to reform, but to no avail. I was a slave held captive by Satan at his will. Everywhere I went I got entangled. At last the devil overstepped the line and drove me to despair. In this condition I came to England, and on the street I heard the everlasting Gospel preached, and the power of God proclaimed.

The Holy Ghost convicted me of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. My guilty conscience condemned me night and day.

One night in my home in King street, Brighton, I went through a terrible experience for three hours. I saw the flames of hell mounting up in the attempt to swallow me up. All the fiends of hell appeared to push me into the eternal burnings. In this anguish, I cried, if there is a God to deliver I will believe. It wasn't very long before I saw a bright light, like a great searchlight coming straight up to me, increasing all the time in power. In an instant it came into my soul. All sorrow fled from my heart, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I never before had such an experience. This was in my twenty-second year.

Straightway I had to give praise to God for deliverance. All my beautiful German hymns I had learned ten years before came back to me,

and my mouth was filled with praise. I was converted and I did not know what to term it, as I had never heard anyone speak of salvation. At once I began to talk about the joy I had found. Truly I could witness in all simplicity to what I had so graciously experienced. The glory of God was in my soul; I was full of zeal; I was at once separated from all the world unto God Himself. Now I began to seek for fellowship, and thought I'll find it in the Church. But nearly everywhere I went I was misunderstood. I told my experience to a number of ministers, but even they did not understand me. Soon God led me among His true spiritual worshippers, in a mission at Havre, France.

For seven months I was on this beautiful way to heaven. I returned to England and found fellowship among other converted Germans, who conducted a German mission in Clipstone street, London W.

The Holy Ghost now showed me the need of restitution. For a while I was willing to face anything I had done wrong; to acknowledge and ask forgiveness. While I was thus walking in the light, Satan knew how to lay a snare to bring me again into bondage to sin. I left England for Belgium and worked in Ostend, a summer resort on the North Sea. Here the world overcame me entirely, and the house that was once

garnished and swept again became a habitation of unclean spirits. My state was worse than before. Oh, the sorrow and torment that now came into my life. This lasted for five long years.

I went to Paris and fell into trouble. Then I went to the South of France, to Nice, a very wicked city. Here I longed to be freed from my burden of sin; but I could find no help. I went still deeper into all manner of sin. My state was terrible. At times, under delirium, I wanted to kill myself, but was too great a coward to do so, as I did not believe the devil's voice when he said to me, "kill yourself and all is over."

Wherever I went I had no rest. I obtained work as steward on a North German Lloyd steamer, plying between Marseilles and Alexandria. Here I met a young man, a Christian, who afterwards went to Cairo. I wanted to visit that city. On one of my stays in Alexandria, I deserted the ship and commenced to work in the first hotel there. After one month I came to Cairo. I found employment in a very "sporty" night restaurant, and it seemed to me I was for five months in hell. Oh, the horrors that I witnessed there every night—I had to wait on these poor creatures consumed by lust, Moslem princes and the wealthy pleasure-seekers that come to Cairo during the winter season.

After four months I contracted a fever and was sent to the German hospital. God in great mercy spoke loudly to me, and under great conviction I groaned the name of Jesus.

I remember a Lutheran German minister visiting me, he simply inquired from what part of Germany I came. When I told him from Bavario, he remarked, "Why, that's the place where we get the good beer." He could not point a sin-sick soul to Jesus, and God in love opened another way.

I went to England. Now I was seeking God in every place. I had no satisfaction. I came to Quebec, Canada. I worked in the Chateau Frontenac hotel during the summer of 1906. For some months I had been longing for deliverance from the chains that bound me. Satan still did his best to ruin me, soul and body. Several times my temper ran away with me, and while I professed religion at that time, I was found out to be a hypocrite. Every sandy foundation was taken away, and I saw myself a helpless wretch deserving the punishment of hell.

I left Quebec in the fall and went to New York City. For ten days "drink demons" tormented me. At the end of the tenth day, on a beautiful Sunday, September the first, I came to my wits' end and was about to put an end to my miserable life, and with this thought

I went to the Central Park. I sat on a bench, heart-broken—no more hope, a human wreck—Satan already gloating over another victim. But praise and glory be to our eternal God in heaven, the Almighty pitied me in this condition and sent help in a needy hour.

A missionary from the Holiness Movement Church of Canada came along and commenced to point sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. I never can forget that moment. In a very few minutes I left where I was sitting, and wended my way back to the cross, and the precious blood of Jesus flowed over my soul and washed away every guilty stain. As a new creature I could once more arise and God filled my heart with praise and gratitude. My joy was unspeakable, and my soul was full of glory for weeks. This was accompanied with great zeal so that I was to be found daily at the street corners, exhorting sinners to flee from the wrath to come.

I had a clear call to preach the everlasting Gospel. I left the hotel work and became a servant. Here I could work quietly, and, blessed be God, in four years I was able to earn the money I needed to straighten out the wrongs I had done to my fellowmen.

The Holy Spirit brought all things to my remembrance, and soon I communicated with peo-

ple in Belgium, Germany, France, Switzerland, Tyrol and England, to implore pardon and forgiveness. I paid my debts as far as possible. O, Glory to God! How blessed to have the chance to get right on earth with God and our fellowmen.

In many ways Satan tried his best to overthrow me during those five years; but in looking to Jesus with simple faith, I stayed where the blood flowed. My hunger and thirst increased for righteousness, and I could eat (figuratively speaking) the Bible and spiritual literature. The *Holiness Era* was my best meal, next to the Bible, while in New York City.

To-day I can say, by His grace, God has brought me out of every conflict during the past five years, more than a conqueror. Since I have been in the Holiness Movement school, my experience is bright and clear. I know without doubt God's image is stamped on my soul. The Spirit of grace and supplication falls on me, and the Comforter, the Holy Ghost abides with me. My soul is yearning to make known the glad tidings of full salvation.

To be saved from all sin is a heaven on earth. The peace of God flows like a mighty river. Truly paradise is restored. Now I am able to help others into the cleansing stream and witness daily

a feast prepared for the wandering prodigals that come home.

May this, my experience, be used to the glory of Jesus, to show that there is power in the blood to cleanse the vilest if they come to Jesus, sin-sick and penitent. Hallelujah!

Yours, redeemed by the blood,

FRED TRAUTNER.

HOW I FOUND JESUS

While on a visit to Ottawa, a dear friend invited me to accompany her to Ramsayville, where revival meetings were then in progress. The first meeting we attended was on Saturday evening, December 31, 1910. When the preacher gave the invitation for sinners to come forward and seek salvation, my friend urged me to surrender myself, but though I felt my sins to be many, the devil prevented me from going forward. After retiring that night, the thought that I should make my peace with God kept springing up in my mind. The burden of my sins was so heavy that I could not sleep. Through the persuasion of my friend, I attended the three services the following day; but refused to go forward until the evening. While at the altar the temptation of leaving my worldly friends came in such

force upon me that I could not pray, but could only cry.

We returned to Ottawa that night. Oh, such sleepless nights and troubled days that I spent till the following Friday. I felt that morning that something must be done. A number of the brethren and sisters assembled in the school room at the Holiness Movement College to pray with me. I became more and more anxious about myself. I, at last, lost sight of my surroundings and asked God to forgive my sins. He freely did forgive me, and saved me from them all. Praise Him!

I returned to my home a new creature in Christ Jesus.

About two weeks later I felt that I had still the roots of sin left in my heart. I asked my aunt to remain with me one night after the other members of the family had retired. We prayed earnestly for about two hours. Perfect peace now reigns in my soul.

Yours, at His feet,

ANNIE KENNEDY.

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." Rev. 12:11.

SAVED FROM FORMALITY AND PRIDE

With a heart full of praise and gratitude to Him who hath loved me and washed me in His precious blood, I endeavor to tell what a dear Saviour I have found. But language fails to express what I feel in my soul. Truly the half has never yet been told.

When about thirteen years of age I was somewhat moved upon during special services in the Methodist Church. I went to the altar with a number of others of my own age, joined the Church, without any change of heart, not even knowing such a change was necessary to my salvation. For the next five years I was considered a Christian, a Church worker, sang in the choir, taught a Sabbath School class, prepared and read Epworth League topics, testified in class, either by quoting a passage of Scripture, or telling my desires, for I had no experience to relate. Still I knew nothing better, for I was a deceived soul, building my hopes for eternity upon a Church membership and a few good works. I really wanted to be good, and shed many bitter tears over a high temper, which I could not control. By nature I was high-minded, proud and haughty in spirit. Oh, how I loved the world, but to my discomforture I failed to find the love of God shed abroad in my heart. When in the infant Sabbath

School class, the Superintendent would sometimes ask each child, "Do you love Jesus?" with the others, I would reply in the affirmative; but my young heart always condemned me, for I had a special regard for telling the truth. When alone I would sit in judgment on my own heart, or think of the great love I had for father and mother, but I felt no love for Jesus; then I would try to love Him, but the more I tried to love God, be good, and control my temper, the harder it was to accomplish. Thus I struggled on, trying to live a Christian without being born again.

When eighteen years of age, God, in His kind providence, sent two Holy Ghost Methodist evangelists, Brothers Viner and Wickware, to Arden, where they pitched a tent, and for weeks preached repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and, like their Master, declared unto all, "Ye must be born again." The first service in the tent, which was on a Sabbath morning, I remained at home to prepare dinner. While the morning meeting was being discussed by the members of the family, who had attended, my eldest sister said, these evangelists expect every professor of religion to kneel during prayer. Well do I remember how the carnal nature rose up in rebellion. Well, I remarked, I'll not kneel in that straw and destroy my clothes. I had always loved the ministers and tried to please them, but

these two men stirred the carnality in me. Before I saw them I felt my heart filled with opposition to them and their work. I went to my room and that afternoon took special care and pride in adorning my person for the service. Thus I went to the place of worship with a heart just opposite to that of one adorned with a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. It seemed every message was directed at me. As Brother Viner described the carnal mind, man in his natural state; he spoke of the pride, temper, haughtiness, love of the world, until I actually felt he was ridiculing me before the entire congregation. I went home angry, accusing my sister of informing the evangelists of my disposition.

Monday evening, when Brother Wickware, now a missionary in Africa, was giving the invitation, he requested all to consider their ways, there were only two ways—the broad way which leadeth unto life, and to-night you are travelling straight to heaven or hell—the Holy Ghost applied the truth, and said, "You are on your way to hell." For the first time I felt I was a lost soul. His word was like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces.

I rushed to the altar, fell upon my knees, forgetting all about the straw, and there wept my heart out before God, feeling "deceitful above all

things and desperately wicked." Holy Ghost conviction had settled down upon me, and I felt my sins were a heavy load. Oh, the anguish of those hours as I drank the bitter cup of repentance. Brother Wickware endeavored to point me to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, and whispered, "It is easy." These words almost angered me. I thought, He doesn't understand, or he would never say that After retiring to my room that night, I fell upon my knees again, cried for mercy; but it was all darkness. The night was spent in anguish and tears.

I arose early, dropped upon my knees once more, and looked for mercy. The words of the previous night seemed to be whispered from above, "It is easy." I looked up; my faith took hold of God, and that instant the burden was gone. Every sin was forgiven, and I was "born again." Oh, the peace, the joy, the rapture. I looked into His face, it beamed with tender grace, as He put His loving arms around me.

I looked out that morning upon the hills, trees and flowers; everything appeared so beautiful. All nature seemed to be clapping her hands for joy. I understood the prophet's description of a new-born soul: "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,

and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." Isa. 55 : 12.

For days my heart was in raptures of love; not a cloud or temptation to mar my peace. The next Sabbath we went to the tent; Oh, how I looked forward to each service. During the preaching, such a darkness settled down upon me. I had not yet learned the necessity, nor how to resist the devil, and I thought, Is it possible my religion is all gone? It seemed my heart would break. On going home, I retired to my room, dropped on my knees, with the old sword, the Word of God. I opened it, and the first words my eyes met were, "He that doubteth is damned." Looking up, I said, Feelings or no feelings, I'll trust you, Lord. That instant the enemy was gone, with all the clouds and darkness. Thus my first battle with the enemy of all righteousness was fought and won. Since that time it has always been easy to trust God amidst temptation.

Previous to my conversion I had no relish for the dear old Book, while I always read a chapter each night, I found it a task rather than a pleasure, and often hurried it through in order to get at a novel, for though young in years, I was very fond of fiction. Yet, I was considered a Christian worker. "The blind leading the blind." Thank God, from the moment Jesus saved me to the present time, I have had no desire for

novels nor light literature; but the dear old Book has been my chart and compass. My eyes were opened to behold wonderful things out of His law. I looked forward each day to getting alone on my knees with the open Bible, and in less than a week with the Spirit and the Word as my teacher, I commenced to strip for the race.

One day I opened up to 1 Timothy 2:9, 10. To my astonishment, I found how a Christian or a woman professing godliness should dress. Ornaments of gold, along with the curling iron was once and forever laid aside. A couple of weeks after my conversion, on returning from the meeting, I took off a large white hat covered with plumes, flowers, etc. A voice said, "That does not look like a Christian!" Not knowing or understanding what it meant, I went on my way until the next Sabbath, when the same thing occurred. That still small voice lovingly said, "It does not look like a Christian!" This time I at once recognized it as the voice of God. Gladly my heart responded, and the first duty I had to perform on Monday morning was to destroy that hat. Step by step He led me. Many fail here, and, instead of following the Spirit and the Word, follow the example of worldly professors of religion and lose the converting grace of God. "The little foxes spoil the vines."

During the first year of my Christian ex-

perience, I never felt an uprising, not even of anger, which was my besetting sin; neither did I ever expect to feel it again, not knowing that the seed of sin still remained in a regenerated heart, but it was there. One day, in the midst of trial, it sprang up. I felt it, but looked to God, who gave me grace to keep down my anger. What a disappointment it was to feel anger in my heart after all these months of rest. It caused me great anguish of heart, and at first I was tempted to cast away my confidence, thinking, if I were a child of God, I would not even feel sin. But God came in blessing to my soul, and I could not doubt my salvation. Thus I went on for a year and a half longer, occasionally feeling the uprising of inbred sin. I never felt it anything to the same extent that I had previous to my conversion, yet this thing caused me to weep bitter tears. I knew not that it was my privilege to have it destroyed. God was leading, and I knew my whole heart was continually crying out after all He had for me; and, while I enjoyed much of the grace of God, there was a craving after something which I could not explain. God knew, and He sent Sisters Eligah and Cross to our community to lead me out into a deeper experience. I attended a few meetings. One afternoon I called on them, I felt they have something I have not. My whole soul cried out after this experience.

With great wisdom they conversed with me about my experience. I must say at this time I had a millinery shop in the village, this being my business before I was saved. I had not thought it possible to give it up. However, I never enjoyed my work the same, and often longed for an occupation that would be of benefit to the body and souls of men. Many times I would feel grieved in making and selling to others what I could not wear myself.

The dear sisters made inquiries as to whether I had had a good season for business, but not a word against my occupation. We then went to prayer. Oh, how good it seemed, and how hungry I was. My heart cried out for the fulness. The still small voice said, "It will mean for you to close the shop, give up your trade and take the plainest way." My heart said, "Yes, Lord." The sisters knew nothing of what was transpiring during prayer.

We arose from our knees, and I walked straight to my shop and commenced my work, burning fashion plates, taking hats off the stools, ripping, packing, etc. I went to meeting that night, praying that my parents, friends and associates might all be there, for I was going to the altar after this something. I meant to take my stand on a clean-cut separation line. I was anxious for all to know it as quickly as possible.

Thanks be to God, they were all there, and the last shore-line was cut when I stepped out to that altar. I went in faith, and by faith I claimed the fulness. There I died to the world, and its applause, to all its customs and fashions. I felt as clean as heaven inside and outside; I was sanctified wholly, body, soul and spirit, heaven's seal was upon me.

Trials such as I had never known awaited me Opposition, persecution from those nearest and dearest to my heart, even my own dear mother could not understand the way in which God was leading, and went so far as to tell me if I ever joined the Movement, I would be disowned, and we were done forever. None but those who have passed through similar experiences can understand the heartaches I experienced. The only reply I could make was, "I must obey God rather than man."

The meetings closed, the evangelists were gone, and there was none who understood me bu God. I seemed to be standing alone; but, oh, the depth of love for God and all mankind I felt in my soul beyond anything I ever experienced before.

In a few weeks after the meetings closed a Brother Bishop visited the community, and had a meeting in the Methodist Church. The Word was with power. All day my soul was unutter-

ably full of glory; but during the evening service God came as never before. He came as a shock from the skies, which went through my entire being. For hours I was prostrated under the mighty power of God. It is useless to say more as none but those who have experienced these tremendous outpourings of the Spirit can comprehend it. Sometimes when conscious, revelling in glory, then pleading for the lost. This first deluge from the skies more than repaid me for all I ever have, or ever shall suffer for Jesus' sake. But, thank God, that was not the last. He's been coming ever since. Glory!

Yours to be true.

BERTHA V. CLARK.

A THREEFOLD CORD

The spirit of conviction came upon me on Saturday morning, June 4th, 1898, through a letter which I received from my sister, who had been converted a few days previous. During the whole of Saturday and Sunday, the hand of the Lord rested heavily upon me; tears of penitence would flow unbidden, as the Spirit revealed to me the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

On the Sabbath evening about eight o'clock I sought my room, and there to settle this important matter. With a deep feeling that I was

a lost sinner, and that Jesus Christ could save me now, I knelt in contrition at His feet, confessing my sins. My whole soul was in prayer, and the Spirit presented the following passage of Scripture: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." From the very depths of my soul I replied, "Lord, I confess every sin." Then was impressed on my mind the Scripture, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Immediately my whole being cried out, "Lord, I believe Thou takest me in." That moment the load of sin was removed, the witness of the Spirit given, and I rejoiced with exceeding joy that my name was written in heaven. This experience made me to overcome my three-fold enemy: the world, the flesh, and the devil.

It was not long, however, until I became conscious that inbred sin still remained in my heart. I sought the experience of entire sanctification for the destruction of this inherited depravity. Upon receiving an outpouring of the Spirit, I concluded that I had received the second work of grace, and innocently professed to be cleansed from all sin. The witness to regeneration was always clear, but this blessing, which I considered was entire sanctification, was not satisfactory. The simple reason was that I had not the genuine experience.

Having very little teaching relative to the reception of the second work of grace, I had mistook a "big blessing" for the real experience. God kept me converted and in loving obedience and in harmony with all His revealed will. It was not long until conviction for the repentance of inbred sin seized me. I wept and groaned for deliverance. In soul agony my prayer prevailed and the inherited corruption was removed.

This second work of grace was equally as clear as regeneration. I could now see that the second blessing was not merely a blessing, but a *work of grace* so different from all ordinary blessings along the Christian pathway. The witness to this work was given so clearly, that no power, earthly or satanic, could make me believe that there is no second work of grace subsequent to regeneration; nor could any power make me believe that a person receives deliverance from inbred sin the moment they are regenerated. This blessed experience of entire sanctification as a second work I received on November 25, 1898, less than six months after my conversion, and has stood the test of every hour since.

God called and sent me forth to preach the Gospel. Knowing that it was the blood of Jesus that purified my heart, I was now led to see that it was my privilege of receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The promise was given to the

disciples that "Ye shall receive *power.*" The command was given, "Tarry until ye be endued with *power.*" I also read that "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and *power*"—not a cleansing, but an enduement. I found then the central idea in the baptism is *power;* not the rushing mighty wind, cloven tongues, or other tongues, but *power.* While attending one of the first camp meetings on Athens camp ground, the Holy Ghost fell on me unexpectedly. I was not seeking the blessing, but suddenly I heard a sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and the Holy Ghost *power* fell on me, laying me for some time under the seats in the tent. And for this crowning experience also, "it is the Spirit that beareth witness because the Spirit is truth." 1 John 5:6.

These baptisms are being continually repeated; and a development and growth in grace is preparing my soul for the reception of greater and more powerful baptisms.

(REV.) DAVID ANDERSON.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." 2 Tim. 4:7, 8.

FULL SALVATION

For a long time I have felt that, for the glory of God, I would like to give my experience to the pubilc.

In the fall of the year 1896, four evangelists pitched a tent about three miles from my home, near the village of Shawville, Que. The country for miles around was stirred, whole families gave their hearts to God.

I was greatly opposed to such meetings. However, I went to about four or five services. One afternoon one of my cousins came to my home, she told me how very happy she was, and urged me to go to the revival service that evening. I went with her, and whilst the meeting was going on I was greatly moved. When the invitation was given, my cousin pleaded with me to go forward; but I was so stubborn I refused to yield. After she left my side in order to pray with an anxious seeker, I was so wrought on the tears ran down my cheeks. One of the workers came down the aisle and asked me if I would not go forward to seek the favor of God. I said, "Yes."

I managed to get to the altar, but did not know how to seek. When the meeting was closed I was still unsaved. While going out of the tent I met my uncle, and asked him to pray for me He was very much surprised to think that I had

been to the altar, and asked me if I were saved On my telling him I was not, he asked me if I would stay and pray. Yes I would I felt I must pray.

I started to pray. It seemed the longer I prayed the darker everything became. I cried at the top of my voice for God to save me. I continued to pray for some time. At last my uncle said, "We'll go; she'll get converted before she reaches home."

One of the workers proposed a testimony meeting, and asked me to speak. I did so, but found no relief. Then we started for home. On our way one dear brother referred to the Bible as God's letter to us, and, if our earthly father were to write to us, we would certainly believe every word he wrote. The light broke into my soul, I was filled with great joy. I went home oh, so happy.

When I got home my father and mother were in bed. I aroused them and after telling them that God had saved me, I knelt and prayed with them.

From that time we had family worship. I walked in the light of God. My uncle shortly after this explained to me the experience of entire sanctification. I began at once to seek. In four weeks from the night God saved me, He gave me the blessing of a clean heart.

In about six months after this, God baptized me with the Holy Ghost and with fire. I had not heard it preached. Some years after, when I heard a sermon on the "Pentecostal power," I knew that was what God had given me years ago. It is now about fourteen years since God saved me, and my soul is still on fire with His love.

Yours, in the Christian race,

MRS. A. D. DEWAR.

HEALING

I suffered for many years with bronchitis. I tried the doctor for a number of years without any relief or hope of cure, and as I grew older my complaint become worse.

About six years ago I felt that if the Lord did not heal me I would very soon die. I prayed, I pleaded His promises, feeling assured He would help me. I did not know how long it would take, but I intended to have victory. After praying for some time, I distinctly heard the words, "It is done." My cough ceased and I forgot all about it. I went to bed, and had a better night's rest than I had for quite a long time. Praise His holy name.

DAVID ROGERS.

RESULT OF A SISTER'S PRAYERS

My parents were members of the Presbyterian Church. At the age of ten years, the Spirit of the Lord moved upon my heart and convinced me of my lost condition. I inquired of a young lady on my way home from church one Sunday, what I should do to be saved. The answer she made me was, "There are some good people and some bad ones in all the churches." This brought no relief to my sin-burdened soul

In the year 1891, the Lord was pleased to send an evangelist to our section of the country. He held revival services in the Presbyterian Church, which resulted in the salvation of a large number of souls, amongst whom was my only sister. At this time I had left my home and wended my way to the Pacific coast.

My sister set apart one hour each day for the special purpose of praying for me, and, at the same time began to write to me. This brought conviction upon me at once. I do not recollect my having been in church more than three times in the two years of my absence from home. Her prayers rang in my ears night and day, notwithstanding the continent that lay between us. The sins of my life rose up before me as mountains. I found trouble and sorrow. I prayed secretly, hoping to find some relief; but the more I prayed

the darker things became. My immortal soul was bound as by a thousand chains. I wept and groaned under the burden of guilt and sin that rested upon me. I found out that "the way of the transgressor is hard." I resolved to read no more of my sister's letters; but just then the letter-carrier brought the mail. I knew the handwriting on the letter, and without opening it put it into my pocket, and began pacing the floor. I felt as though it would burn a hole in my pocket. Again I thought, some one may be dying and this might contain the sad news. I thought, I will read part of it, and see what it contains. The burning Gospel message, bathed in tears burned its way into my hard, stony heart. I walked the floor and wept. I felt I must find relief to my soul or I would soon be lost. The Spirit said, "Go and pray by your bedside." I went within one step of the bedroom door, but turned and walked away. The pains of hell had gotten hold upon me. I could sin against my God no more.

I than proposed to my companions that we go to church on Sunday night, to which they both consented. The devil said, "It is too late now; you have resisted the Spirit too long; you will never be forgiven." In my heart I cried to God to have mercy upon me and spare my wicked life until an opportunity was given for me to seek the salvation of my soul.

The following Sunday night we three went to the Clark Street Methodist Church, in the city of Portland, Oregon. Oh, the guilt and condemnation that rested upon me! I felt that all men looked upon me as a murderer. On entering the church door, I thought the very threshold moved under my feet, and I would soon be lost in the burning flame that was now rolling beneath me. Lest my companions would not go to the altar, I purposed to sit by myself, and consequently I made my way up another aisle and secured a seat near the altar.

The Rev. J. R. Colley, a Methodist minister, was the preacher on this evening. He took for his text, "Young man, I say unto thee arise." (Luke 7:14). As he lifted up Jesus Christ as the resurrection and the life, my soul began to take courage. During his preaching he wept. Tears unbidden ran down my cheeks and down on my vest, while I resolved in my heart to seek and find the Saviour I had crucified. I was delighted to know there was a mourners' bench where I might kneel and cry to God.

When the altar call was given, the Christians went forward, kneeling at the altar. Room was left in the centre of the altar for one more seeker. Then the struggle began. The moments were swiftly passing. It seemed, now or never. My

physical strength appeared to leave me. I was bound by an unseen power to my seat.

My immortal soul did struggle for the light and liberty that comes through the Gospel. In this state of agony the devil whispered, "If you attempt to walk to the altar you will fall prostrate in the aisle, roar and bellow out your feelings, scare half of the congregation out of the church, offend the preacher and spoil the meeting."

"My God," I cried, "if I be prostrated, roar, bellow, scare the people, offend the preacher, and spoil the meeting, save my soul." Only by the grace of God was I enabled to rise from my seat and struggle to the altar; but before I reached the place, the heavenly light broke into my soul. I wept for joy. The burden of guilt and condemnation had vanished.

When I arrived home I read the blessed Bible, and, for the first time, the Holy Spirit revealed the things therein to my soul. The next morning I asked the privilege of having family prayer, which was granted. While at prayer, the Lord poured His Spirit upon us mightily.

Breakfast being over I started for work. While crossing two vacant lots, the Spirit of the Lord came upon me. Every blade of grass, and every leaf on every tree seemed to be praising God. For about three weeks I knew nothing but

constant victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

One day, while under strong temptation, I felt the stirrings of anger within, together with a tendency to fear. The devil endeavored to persuade me I was deceived in my religious experience, and I was not a Christian, or I would not be in this troubled condition. At once I began to look to Jesus for help. Soon He reassured me that I was His child. How anxious I was to be delivered. My soul hungered and thirsted to be made perfectly free. During the first two years of my Christian experience, I do not recollect having heard a sermon on the second work of grace, nor do I recollect having heard any one testify to their having obtained it. During this time I felt strongly impressed that I would have to preach the Gospel. At times this troubled me considerably.

Having been away from home for almost five years I resolved to return, if the Lord would aid me. I gave myself to prayer regarding this matter, and one evening entering the post office I received a letter from my youngest brother containing a cheque for sixty dollars, requesting me to come home. In three days I was ready for my journey for Montreal. After a long, tiresome journey of six days and six nights, I arrived in Montreal;

met my brother; and, on the following Monday took the train for home.

The first meeting after my arrival home was conducted by a Miss Barton. The people began to pray and the power of God fell. Some laughed, some shouted, others ran around the church, while some fell to the floor as though they were dead. All this was quite new to me, as I was converted in a quiet congregation; nevertheless it was very pleasing to me. Their prayers and testimonies convinced me that they enjoyed an experience to which, as yet, I was a stranger. This begat a hunger and thirst in my soul which was indescribable. I began to seek at once. I desired to be alone with God. I prayed, Oh, my God, let me die; but cleanse my heart from all sin. That night I spent some time with a schoolmate, whom the Lord had sanctified. During the night he frequently told me how blessed was his experience. This intensified the hunger in my soul. My prayer was, Lord, let me die; but cleanse my heart.

The next morning at family prayer the Lord showed me I must cease secular labor and preach the Gospel. This was to be the greatest battle of my life. I felt my inability, and the awful responsibility weighed heavily upon me. But woe was unto me if I preached not the Gospel. I wept, groaned and promised God I would give

my life's earnings to support the Gospel, if He would relieve me. But to no avail. I must preach the Gospel, or be forever lost.

My first duty was to read the Bible and pray with my neighbors. The first home to which the Lord directed me was a family of very bitter Roman Catholics. They had said that if any of those people came around acting as they do in their meetings, they would never make a second trip. I cried, "My Lord! any home on earth but that one." The devil said, "The woman will scald you if you enter the door, and her husband is a very wicked man, and if he flew into a passion he would certainly kill you on the spot. I wept, groaned and prayed because of these obstacles. I thought it strange that if the Lord loved me so, why should He send me to such a place as this. But I felt I must go. I started across the field with my Bible under my arm, trembling from head to foot, my knees almost giving way under me. The devil was by my side every step of the way, whispering in my ear, "This is the last time you will cross this field if you ask to pray in that home." As I approached the house my whole frame trembled, my heart, at times, would come up into my throat and almost choke me, yet my soul cried out to God for help. Just at this point I saw the man of the house grinding an axe. The devil said, "He will see that Bible and

that will put him into a rage. You had better hide it." I prayed, "My God, if I must die in that house, for Jesus' sake, help me to take up my cross and do my duty, though I die doing it." I passed by him without stopping, hoping to meet but one of them at a time. The mighty struggle that was now going on within none knew but God and myself.

I entered the door, and Mrs. S— was making a fire. With trembling voice and shivering frame, I spoke to her, and, to my surprise, she answered me in a mild tone of voice and invited me to a chair. Just at that moment I heard Mr. S— at the door. The devil said, "He has seen that Bible, and he will knock you down." The perspiration was breaking out upon me. I cried to God for help. I spoke to him, and, to my surprise, he smiled and seemed to be in good humor. The opportune moment had come. I said, "Mr. S—, the Lord wants me to read and pray with you."

His reply was: "Well, that is all right; we haven't any objections."

We three knelt down, but for what I prayed I cannot tell; but when I came to myself I did not know which one of us was praying the loudest. They wept and prayed so as to be heard down the road for quite a long distance. The Lord Jesus had appeared on the scene. They

both confessed that they were sinners, and asked me to pray for them. Oh, the holy boldness that filled my soul! I felt it would be my delight to face a ten-acre field filled with the greatest sinners that ever lived, and tell them what the Lord had done for my soul. I started home, and, oh, what a change! I seemed to walk in the air; my faith claimed the promise; the Spirit began to be poured upon me, and the further I went the more mightily it came.

After retiring that night, I began to examine my heart before God. The Lord asked me a number of questions. "Are you willing to go and preach the Gospel?" Like Isaiah the prophet, I could say with all my heart, "Here am I; send me." "Are you willing to go to Africa?" My heart said, "Yes, Lord; gladly will I go." The blessing of the Lord began to come upon me. I thought, this is a lazy way to serve God; I will get up and pray. I rose and knelt by my bedside, and the mighty power of God fell upon me. It seemed to me that the whole house was in a flame of fire and the Lord breathing upon it, and I seemed to be caught up between heaven and earth, and the Lord was tossing me about on the billows of His love. I feared nothing. I enjoyed a sweet consciousness of being caught up with Jesus.

After some time I became conscious of where

I was, and, having recovered my strength, I was enabled to get back into bed.

Having promised the Lord that I would preach the Gospel, I then set about to find a place to hold meetings. After visiting and praying with the people, the Lord converting some and reclaiming others, He directed me to the village of Riceville, where I was enabled to secure a school-room, and announce special revival services. I returned home and gave myself to prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. While engaged in prayer the burden of the people came upon me. I continued in prayer until midnight, and, while in an agony of soul before the Lord, He gave me a vision, not only of the lost, but of the masses of people hurrying to hell. The mouth of hell seemed to open before me. I cannot find language to describe the sight of the lost and damned; the weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, mingled with the shrieks and cries of lost souls, shall never be erased from my mind as long as time shall last. Along with this, came the consciousness that nothing but the Almighty power of God would reach the masses of the people. My mind, soul and nature was inspired to pray, "Lord, send me forth into Thy vineyard." The spirit of prayer continued to come upon me and soon I heard, as it were, a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind. At

first it seemed to be away in the distance; but as I prayed it continued coming. I thought, we must all get up and pray. I arose quickly, dressed and started down stairs. My soul kept praying, "My God, let it come upon me." I had reached the door leading from the dining room to the kitchen, when suddenly, the mighty power of the Holy Ghost fell upon me, and I fell to the floor, while wave after wave of Divine power swept over my soul, deluging and permeating every part of my being.

About 9.30 I was enabled to arise, and, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, was led to visit a neighbor about three miles away, and upon entering the door, his eldest daughter stood weeping, and there before God we knelt down and began to pray; the power of God fell upon us, and she was shouting and praising God for deliverance through the blood.

After dinner, the Lord inspired me to go to another neighbor, about nine miles away. I arrived at the house about four o'clock, and found her busy scrubbing the floor. Having introduced myself, she then asked me as to my occupation, and for the first time, I introduced myself as a minister of the gospel. To this she replied: "I spent nearly the whole night in prayer to God that He would send some one to help me. I have lost my experience and am anxious to get

it back." I said: "Are you anxious enough to drop your mop and begin to pray?" She invited me into the sitting-room, and there we knelt before God. In about an hour's time she was rejoicing in God for deliverance from the bondage of sin.

Being somewhat tired in body, I retired to rest, when the blessing of God came upon me. I did not sleep a moment during the night; but spent most of the time praising God. The devil came to me and said: "You are going out of your mind, and will soon be in the asylum." I told him if this was the frame of mind of a lunatic, it was a very happy one, and I was thus far delighted with it, and prayed that it would continue.

The next morning her daughter broke out in prayer at the family altar, and there before God we prayed for about three hours, when suddenly, the light of heaven shone in upon her soul.

The time had come for our special services to begin, and my sister and I, in the name of the Lord, declared war with the forces of evil. Amidst the clanging of cowbells, blowing of horns, hammering of tin pans, and howlings, we preached Jesus' love to men. In about five weeks' time more than twenty-five precious souls were gloriously delivered from the power of darkness and made to rejoice in Christ Jesus.

For almost sixteen years, by the grace of God, I have been enabled to walk in this beautiful light and liberty of the Gospel. Praise our God!

(REV.) R. J. DEY.

TITHING

Some time ago, while a member of the Methodist Church, I saw that tithing was scriptural and adopted it. While doing so, I attended a holiness convention in the Methodist Church, at Glen Buell, one of those monthly laymen conventions so precious to memory, on account of the real work accomplished for God. During the sermon, preached by Brother Anson Berry, I fell into deep trouble on account of withholding tithes during years of business previous to my beginning to tithe. I sought council of my pastor, who informed me that neglect in the past in this matter was like other past sins, all under the blood; but such did not satisfy me. I saw that God was dealing with me and it was for me to act, although having no money, it being invested in farm, stock, etc,. I began to add to my present tithing and offerings yearly, to pay up the old score, which by figuring out, I found to be several hundred dollars.

Now, I wish to emphasize this important fact.

No sooner did I start to act in this way, than the Lord began to give me good crops and good markets. He makes giving a real delight to me. This continued for years, so I became satisfied that the old account was settled. Praise God!

I am glad we have a chance here to recover ourselves and in some degree, at least, undo the wrongs committed. I might add, during the years I was robbing God, I was giving as much or more than any around me. This convinces me that while we may give, if the system of tithing is not followed, it generally comes short of the tithe.

D. N. PURVIS.

FULL SALVATION AND HEALING

At the age of seventeen I was converted to God in the Methodist Church at Pittston, in services conducted by the Rev. Mr. Smith. I was overcome by the power of God, being prostrated for some time. As soon as my strength returned, God sent me after a soul. The blessing of God kept coming upon me for a few days—it seemed that everything was praising God; but I had no one to lead me on, I gradually fell back, still, however, keeping up a profession.

In 1891 I was kicked by a horse; my collar-

bone was broken and part of the wall of my chest. I was carried unconscious into the house, and was told by the doctor to keep still for some time. But in four or five days I was out, and having been engaged to make cheese that summer, I felt I must undertake it no matter how I felt. But soon I was fully convinced that my ways and plans were all wrong, and would surely lead to failure. Then this promise came to me: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

During the summer of 1894, I was in terrible distress, concerning my soul. I thank God for the saints that were praying for me. When they talked with me, their words had weight and power. I prayed along the roadside and under the trees, yet no relief came; my burden became greater and greater. I longed for relief from the awful weight of sin and guilt. Still I kept up my profession.

In August, 1894, there was a layman's camp-meeting at Chesterville. I thought, "I can go there and get holiness; then I shall be all right." I arrived there on the third day of the meeting (September 25) and at once began to seek for holiness. I went to the altar several times, but the noise disturbed me greatly, and I made no progress. One evening I appointed an after-meeting with a few of the saints, and wrestled

with God in my own strength; but all to no purpose. I left the grounds and slept very little that night. The next morning, waking at about four o'clock, I began to think, "I am all muddled, and don't believe I am saved." At five I started for the camp-ground, wholly absorbed in the desire to get right with God. As I crossed the field, I remember promising the Lord that I would ask a neighbor's forgiveness, and straighten up the matter of a certain sum of money with a Mr. Mills, of Iroquois. By this time I had reached the camp-ground, and had reached the blessing, too, for I found myself among the tents shouting and praising God. I attended a camp-meeting at Branch Bridge shortly afterwards, and sought and found the blessing of holiness. Every sin-spot was removed, and my whole being filled with God. As for my will, it was fully surrendered at my conversion, and I had had no trouble with it since.

I received the experience of holiness in the morning. On the afternoon of the same day, I heard in the distance a sound as of a mighty rushing wind coming nearer and nearer. I could neither sit still nor stand. That night about ten o'clock, just as I was about to retire, the Pentecostal power came upon me. This experience has been repeated quite frequently.

In 1895, my health failing completely, I was

obliged to give up work. I saw a doctor in Iroquois, who advised me to go to the Montreal hospital as soon as possible. I was becoming so weak that I could scarcely walk. The doctors who examined me in the hospital said that my case had been neglected in the beginning, so that my side had fallen in, and degeneration of the muscles in my left side had rendered my arm almost powerless. Electric batteries and other means proved ineffective; and the doctors said they could not put an end to my disorders. I returned home to get along as best I could. My side had fallen in so that my lung was completely collapsed, and besides my heart was very weak. Through it all I could rejoice because my many sins were all forgiven.

Before very long I felt severe attacks of the same disorder which the doctors called muscular rheumatism in my right side. On returning to the hospital, the doctors decided that nothing whatever could be done for me. In addition to the wasting away of the muscles, spinal trouble set in. I felt I should like to converse with some one who had been healed.

A camp-meeting was held at Winchester Springs, and the Lord gave me strength to go. It seemed that He impressed the people to pray for me. I remember very clearly as I was walking into the tent, the Great Physician said,

"I will heal you." The people all seemed to feel that there was something ahead. Though very weak, I told them that I had the definite assurance that God was going to heal me. Just then He came down and laid His hand on my side, and showed me how He would restore my side and heal the break in my chest, if I would meet all the conditions and trust Him only. He made it plain to me that I should give up my one thousand dollars insurance. I promised to do so. But meanwhile a little of self crept in, and I thought I should like to get healed so as to be able to do my fall work without getting help, as I was in humble circumstances. But God asked me if I would be willing to have it done in His way and His time. I answered, "Yes, Lord, a lifetime." Then I felt the Divine touch upon me.

But some of my neighbors were very apprehensive of the course I was taking in regard to insurance. But I said, "Lord, carry on the work on the conditions that Thou canst bless, and I will give it up." He took me at my word.

The members of the "Order" kept my dues paid up for some time, feeling sure I was going to die; but I had them cease doing so, promising to pay them what they had given. That was the end of the insurance trouble with me.

And since then I have been living where

God keeps giving me new life, and vigor, and power over sin. I have known no defeat in over nine years. He is an all-conquering Saviour. He has made me all over new, soul and body. Once I was a sufferer day and night—with a broken chest and collar-bone, muscular rheumatism, inflammatory rheumatism, spinal disease, heart weakness and kidney trouble. Moreover, my left side seemed almost paralyzed, and I had had catarrh for nineteen years. Now I have neither aches nor pains.

I did not receive complete healing all at once. My faith did not grasp it. The first time the Great Physician laid His hand on my body, He said, "According to your faith be it unto you." He healed my broken chest at once. I felt healing virtue coursing through my left side as I gained strength from day to day. My faith kept rising. Other afflictions would present themselves and I would simply trust Him as before, and He would take them away, and have not returned. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth them out of them all." At times I would feel symptoms of the old trouble. The Lord would permit these tests, but I never let go. I promised the Lord I would die before I would give up. The devil never once told me it wasn't done, but he would suggest to have it done over again. I always felt stronger

after a severe test. I praise God for them all. They were good for me. I feel it fresh all through my being. I feel the fire.

Dear reader, I have been under the Divine touch for fourteen years. It is clearer and more definite to me to-day than ever before.

It would be utterly impossible for me to tell what a great sufferer I have been. I had night sweats which resulted in leaving me very weak. At the time I was examined in Montreal hospital, I was taking medicine before and after each meal. I was also wearing a sort of straight jacket or harness to straighten my shoulder and chest, which caused more pain and proved a failure. I was wearing a black cat skin protection, which was recommended to cure consumption, and a large plaster covering my chest.

After a thorough examination, the doctors said medicine was of no use, I might as well drink so much cold water. All they recommended was to take cold water baths and rub well with a coarse towel, also to apply electric treatment as often as I could stand them. All was a failure.

In addition to my affliction, I had a sort of rash or skin trouble on the left side. The doctors could not account for it. It passed away immediately after I was healed.

Twelve years ago I opened my Bible at Exodus 15:26; also Deut. 7:6-15. I simply be-

lieved He could not only do it, but *did* it for me at that time, and He has kept me well up to the present time. I am spending and being spent for His glory. I retain my salvation and healing and anointing by using it for His glory. I am having a time of victory and blessing.

As ever, yours in the faith,

WALTER A. WESTON.

A FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER'S EXPERIENCE

Almost every time I have spoken of my experience, how the Lord dealt with me about my dress, one or more have thanked me, saying how much it has helped them. May God use it still to help others.

I was converted and sanctified first under the American Holiness Movement. I began to lay off my jewellery and other unnecessary things, until one of the workers said I was going too far and that it was of the devil. I naturally looked to them as examples. I went on for some time, but not being satisfied with my experience and hearing of the Canadian Holiness Movement, I journeyed to Montreal and attended the Church there. Sister Flower was in charge of the ser-

vice. Afterwards we went together to the Y.W. C.A. for dinner. She related to me her experience. Although I was in a deplorable condition, I was unconscious of it.

To me, blinded by pride, the Canadian Holiness women looked as poor and odd as the Syrian peddlers. I thought it wasn't necessary to be so conspicuous and so very plain. They surely went too far.

I went back home and tried to be temperate in dress as well as other things, but, oh, the misery of it. God had given me a very hungry heart, which He would not satisfy until I met conditions and paid the whole price.

In about two years time a Holiness minister came to a neighboring town within ten miles of my home. I was under such conviction at the time I could hardly eat or work, but did not know what was the trouble.

I would ask my sister, Does it look reasonable to you? Is it possible that all this manner of dress is of the world? At last I decided to go to the camp meeting. The first sermon the brother preached I thought was intended all for me. I went to the altar and promised God I would take the way if He would make it so plain no one could talk or laugh me out of it. I received there and then a very sweet blessing. I went home praying

God to show me if it was the light, but there was deep in my heart a hope that it was not.

One morning I was praying over the question, crying to God for some scriptural proofs. I opened my Bible and read, "Why trimmest thou thy way to seek love? Therefore hast thou also taught the wicked ones thy ways. Also, in thy skirts is found the blood of the souls of the poor innocents." Jer. 2: 33, 34.

I shut the Book, and tried to throw the matter off. Three times the Lord directed me to that passage in answer to prayer. It seemed as if my Bible would not open anywhere else.

When I got a chance to attend a Holiness meeting I went; others got blest, I felt miserable. At last I got desperate. "This question must be settled." I looked it square in the face, and reasoned it out with God. All I could see was the plain dress of the Movement. It came before me the necessity of the full skirt and all. I had heard of remarks made by moral (?) men, about some American evangelists' figures who wore tight skirts. Then came the question, What is trimming? and God showed me the whole list, everything that was unnecessary. I found out that there is a vast difference between God's thoughts and ours. I felt it was settled for me. How I groaned; the dying out of a very proud, vain nature to clothes and relations is something

I never want to go through again. I've watched other cases and they were similar. It is not hard for some, where it is not an idol.

Only those who go through it know what mental agony a proud woman who has been brought up in the world suffers along this line. As I prayed the answer came, "Not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance." 1 Peter 1:14.

"In your ignorance," broke my heart. I thought of how good God was, what long-suffering and patience He had had with me. Then to hear Him lay no blame on me, but calling it my ignorance. When I got to the end of myself and everything else, I felt the peace flow through my soul. After this it was not hard to get holiness and power.

Yours, in the plain, narrow way,

EUNICE J. MITCHELL.

UTTERMOST SALVATION

When about the age of fifteen I was confirmed. I returned from Church as wicked and as ignorant of the new birth as before. In this state I continued until the Lion of Judah undertook my case, and liberated my poor soul.

At the age of seventeen, I came to Montreal, and having two sisters saved in the Holiness

Movement Church, occasionally went there also. Being ignorant of the manifestations of the Spirit and God's way of saving people, I acted at times, very rudely, but obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly.

In a series of meetings conducted by the Revds. T. D. Edwards and David Anderson, I sought God for the first time. Seeing souls finding Jesus as their present Saviour, and with shining faces and tears rolling over their cheeks, seeking to bring others to God, moved me to repentance.

For a number of days prior to my definitely seeking God, a voice would say, "You are going to get saved!" I well remember returning home from a jewellery shop with a $10.50 ring on my finger, when a voice said, "You will not have any pleasure in that, for you are going to get saved."

I went one evening to service, and so far as I can remember, without any thought of seeking God. Rev. David Anderson preached. After preaching, he gave an altar call. Then my heart commenced to swell, and I trembled like a leaf in the wind. While laboring to keep the tears back, Brother Anderson came to me and pleaded with me to come to Christ. Presently I found myself at the altar, weeping as if my heart would

break. I wept until I could weep no more, then went home.

Being ignorant of the plan of salvation, I drifted into a state of carelessness. I would seek in nearly every service, but would not pray, consequently I did not receive anything. I would try to overcome my old appetites, but would fail. The good that I would I did not; but the evil I would not, that I did.

A few weeks prior to Killarney camp meeting, in the year of 1908, I resolved to go. I thought surely I will get salvation at the camp meeting. After the first two days I found myself seemingly in greater darkness than ever, and I became alarmed. After the evening service of the second day, I went outside of the gospel tent, and, sitting alone, I thought, It is useless to try; I'll leave to-morrow for home.

Just then a brother came and begged me to come with him to the tent and pray. After a while I consented; and with the feeling that I must be saved, or I will be damned, I went, and kneeling at the altar I cried aloud, O God! In a moment the heavens opened, and salvation came like a river. The next moment I was walking, leaping and running over the prairie, and praising God, with two or three brethren after me to keep track of me, for it was now about 10.30 at night. After about two hours' praising and

blessing God, the glory and blessing seemed to stay, enough for me to retire.

One week from the time of my conversion, a brother came to me, and asked me if I did not feel the need of holiness. I said I felt the need of something. I knew nothing about theological terms. We went to the bush to pray. Brother C. prayed, then Brother S., and then I prayed for myself. They prayed again. When it came to my turn, I said, "I have done all that I can do." While I was speaking, the precious blood flowed, and a voice, as distinctly as if some person had spoken audibly, said, "Be thou clean." I said, The work is done. The brethren seemed to doubt it, but I didn't. I knew it was done. The witness was clearer than to my justification.

Many times, while living in this experience of entire sanctification, has God poured out the Bible measure of blessing upon me so that I could not contain it. But at Pentecost one spring, while tarrying for the extraordinary gift of the Holy Ghost and power for service, God definitely came upon me. I went forward with the rest to wait on God. I felt that I was clean and pure within. At once great inspiration came. It was so easy to pray. I felt something great was coming—something greater than ever I had received before. I have many times since re-

ceived the anointing of the Holy Ghost, but never in the same way as it came at the first.

(REV.) PETER WISEMAN.

HOW GOD LED ME

While I was an infant, my mother died, leaving three small boys to the care of my father, of whom I was the youngest. I was taken by my aunt to her home, where I remained for six years. Here I received a training in the ways of God, which led to my conversion in after years. I was not only instructed in good, and how to perform it—but was also warned against that which was evil. My will was conquered by home discipline.

After six years I was taken to the home of other relatives. This brought to an end my religious training. Now I was often in the company of wicked playmates and gradually I drifted with them into sin. There was not a day in my life that I did not pray. I earnestly hoped to get converted.

There were many seasons during the early days of my youth, even at four and five years of age, when I can clearly recollect the Spirit breathing upon my soul. I prized a secluded place in a cluster of plum trees, where I often went to pray. It was not uncommon for me to

spend hours there, waiting on God for His blessing. If I disobeyed my guardians I would go to the plum trees, and there wrestle and cry to God, until I felt the condemnation removed.

I lived, almost constantly, in the enjoyment of this blessing, until the Spirit revealed to me the duty of making a public profession of saving grace. This was something new for me, and under temptation I thought the cross too great, thus grieving the Spirit of God.

Shortly after this I went to my father, who had removed to the Province of Manitoba. At that time Manitoba was a new country. Everyone worked hard, weekdays and Sundays; then when winter arrived, they used to play cards and dance. It was not long until I followed their example, and sometimes I would go without my meals in order to have more time to play euchre.

Six years after I came to Manitoba, I attended a series of revival meetings held in a school-house on my parent's farm. I became deeply convicted at once, and began promising God that I would go forward and seek salvation.

I was naturally very timid, and this step seemed a very hard thing for me to do. For six weeks I kept hiding my convictions, all the time, however, promising in each meeting that I would seek God the next night.

At last I felt I would probably rise above my

fears if I were to tell my step-mother I was going to get saved. This I did, knowing that she would tell others. I felt this would make it easier for me to go forward. This plan proved successful. In the month of March, 1898, during the Sabbath afternoon service, I determined to seek the smile of God. I stood trembling. I wept, and was almost overwhelmed with fear. Then a Mr. Thornton Kirkwood made his way up the aisle from the rear of the building. Encouraged, I stepped out in front of him. The glory filled my soul before I got half-way to the altar. When I reached the altar, I had forgotten about my fear of the people, and, dropping on my knees, threw up my hands, and exclaimed aloud, "I thank Thee, Lord; it's all over now!"

After the service closed, everything I looked at seemed to be glittering with a supernatural beauty. The people, the school-house, the prairies, and everything seemed to be shining with the glory of God.

Entire sanctification was clearly taught during these meetings. Being young, and unaccustomed to the teaching, I did not understand the doctrine. Subsequently, I felt my need of a deeper experience. At last I grasped the doctrine. By this time I was two years converted, and was attending another holiness revival in the community. My mind was unsettled until I re-

ceived the experience of entire sanctification. I now found no trouble in discerning between holiness professors, who had, and who had not the experience. I soon knew who was right. I will briefly sketch my progress in attaining the blessing of a clean heart.

In the month of April, 1895, I settled it in my mind to seek and find the experience of holiness, fully realizing it was for me.

I had seen others seek and obtain it, and while they sought from one to two weeks, the Lord would test them by asking them to do certain things. I expected this would be my course also. I expected earnestness to be intensified every day, and I would be continually tested, and about the end of two weeks of seeking, the Lord would ask me to do something still greater (more trying) than He had previously asked me to do, and after doing this, the blessing of holiness would fall on me. I expected then to be prostrated, or carried to the third heaven. I thought I could never believe I had holiness with anything short of that; but before I got the experience, I found I was under a great delusion. The Lord seemed to leave me to myself. I looked in every direction for those great trials, but the greatest trial I had, was the disappointment of not meeting them. When I could not get the Lord to ask me to do those great things, I began to be alarmed

for fear I was not going to get holiness at all. I wanted to get terribly in earnest over it, but the more I tried to get in earnest, the less earnest I seemed to become. When my voice would be worn out, and vocal power exhausted, I would still pray away as best I could. At last I feared I was going to be shut out altogether, and began inquiring from those who professed the experience, how I was to get it. They were little better theologians than myself. Some told me I had the experience or I could not pray as I did; others said, just believe. Such teaching assured me I was not freed from the old man yet. I did not want to be told to believe. I wanted a better way of getting the experience than that. I spent two weeks like this, and finally arrived at a point where I was almost in despair. No one seemed to help me, and the Lord seemed to leave me all alone. All this time the Lord was teaching me the greatest lesson I ever learned.

On the morning of April 22nd, 1895, about ten o'clock, while ploughing in the field, a voice said to me, "Now, there is Brother ——, you have great confidence in him." I said, "Yes, Lord." "Well, suppose he promised to give you something, you would be sure of getting it, would you not?" I said, "Yes, Lord, I know I would get it." The next words were, "If you are so sure that Brother —— would not fail to give you what

he promised, how much greater the Lord is, and how much surer His promises are!"

With these words ringing in my ears, I left my plough, went a few rods away, and knelt down to pray. I made up my mind I would believe God then. I got so far from feelings during the previous sixteen days that I really never expected to have any more. So under this cloud, and bearing this burden, I promised God I would do anything He wanted me to do, if it should mean my life to be taken. After again repeating all my consecration vows to God which I had been making for over two weeks, I began to lay hold on the promises of God. It seemed I was in the most unlikely state to receive entire sanctification, yet it was my only hope. With this I grasped the promise, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." I than said if God did not sanctify me wholly, then and there, before I got off my knees, the whole Bible must be false. I was determined to believe with all the power within me. Then I asked God to sanctify me wholly right there, as He had promised to do. I took God at His word, believing that He sanctified me then and there, because He had promised to do it, and it could not be otherwise. I knew I could do nothing more. Even while this was seemingly the darkest hour of my Christian ex-

perience, by the help of God, I claimed the blessing by faith, and began to praise God, that I had the blessing of holiness. Still there was not the first sign of any change in my feelings, neither was I now expecting any. After claiming the blessing, I said, as I arose to my feet:

"I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above this world of sin;
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within."

I then walked towards my plough, praising God, that He had sanctified me wholly. I just got about two rods from where I was kneeling, when the whole heavens seemed to fall on me. I shall never be able to express the glory that filled my soul and rested on my mortal frame. It seemed as though heaven itself could be no more glorious than earth was to me then. I went on with my work, though I could hardly stand on my feet under the weight of glory. When I wished to use the whip, I would discover that I had dropped it. I would get it on the next round, and when I needed it, it would be gone again. This was repeated quite often. When noon came I never thought of dinner, or anything else, except the glory that rested upon me. About two o'clock in the afternoon I was reminded it was dinner time.

Before entering the house I learned that some neighbor women were there. As they did not understand what I was enjoying, I thought I would do my best to keep quiet. I did so for a short time, but the glory soon got the better of me, and I had to give vent to my feelings, regardless of the consequences. I excused myself, and told them not to mind me being so happy, for I received holiness that morning.

Language fails to describe what this experience did for me then, and has been doing for me since.

Four days after I was sanctified, while praying in a field, I felt my need of power for the first time. While I felt my need, I felt full of faith to believe God. Instantly I looked to the throne in prayer, and it was not many minutes until I was leaping about the field, praising God for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This was my third definite epoch. It was distinct from regeneration and entire sanctification. This baptism above everything else is the Divine equipment for soul-winning. While preparing for the ministry I received a very special baptism.

(REV.) W. G. KETCHESON.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."

LIBERTY IN CHRIST

Three years ago in January, I was a sinner, but professing the name of Jesus.

I was asked, one night, to attend the Holiness meeting. I said, "No; I am a Christian, and I do not care to go where they have altar services." A dear sister begged me to go with her. I went, and heard salvation preached for the first time. They had an altar service, and I went to the altar. I was so ashamed of my worldly attire, that I felt out of place. I did not receive the witness. The minister said, "I do not like to see you go away without salvation." He pleaded and prayed for me to seek Jesus, and I promised I would call on God. After he went away, I retired to my bedroom and said, if there was anything in this "salvation," I was going to have it. I was not on my knees five minutes before God told me to go and ask a lady's forgiveness. This done, the blessing fell. Glory be to Jesus! I knew I was saved.

A year ago, under the preaching of Rev. T. O. Roe, I was cleansed of inbred sin, and I praise God, that He saves and sanctifies me now. God cleansed me from all sin, and I am His child. I cannot tell what His love is to me. Oh, praise Him!

MRS. IDA CLAFLIN.

HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD

From my earliest recollection the Spirit of God strove with my heart. At the age of sixteen I was converted through the instrumentality of the Methodist Church. I was very happy for some time. but failing to press after holiness I wandered into a wilderness experience, however still keeping up a profession. Often I would weep before the Lord, for I felt so dissatisfied.

About twenty-four years ago, Mr. Horner held revival services in the Methodist Church. I was sick at the time, and not able to attend. Mr. Horner came to see me on his way to the train. It made me hungry for the blessing when I saw him so happy. All I could do was to weep. God still kept increasing the hunger in my soul. I never had prayed in public, although I had been professing all the time. One sister came to me and asked me to lead in prayer. I did so for the first time. I kept on taking up my cross, thinking I had the blessing, only that I was of a reserved nature, however, I was not able to praise the Lord as I had seen others do.

One Sunday night, while most of my family were at the meeting, I was impressed to get up and pray. I knelt by my bedside. I remember my prayer so clearly, "Lord, make me willing to be anything or nothing for Thy sake." The bless-

ing immediately descended. I fell on the floor, and for the first time I shouted and praised God aloud. For about a week, some of the time, I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of it.

I thought I had holiness, still it used to come to me, "I never had repented of the inbred sin of my heart." I repented of the inbred sin, and the power of God would go all through me.

I praise God I have learned to trust Him. He is my Justifier and Sanctifier. "Holiness unto the Lord," is on my banner. I love the humble, straight, plain way. Praise Him!

MRS. JOHN JAMES.

SAVED FROM DRINK, SWEARING, ETC

I was born in the year 1868 near Madoc, Ont. Shortly after my birth, my parents, who were poor, moved to Iowa, U.S.A., which was then a wild, lawless and godless country. Here my father's health failed, and we moved back to Belleville. He died while I was still young Our home was broken up and I was given to a farmer. Having no parental care, I acquired evil habits, such as dancing and profanity. I became a slave to sin and vice, even sinking into depths of degradation. While still young in years, I be-

came old in sin, and an acknowledged ringleader among sinners. I drifted from place to place sometimes stealing my way on freight trains, and even got down to be a degraded tramp. Thus I went on, sinking, ever sinking, until the twenty-second year of my life, when God in mercy stretched out His hand and arrested me.

I had been on a drunken spree and coming home late I went to bed. I had a vivid vision of the end of the world, the judgment day, and my lost condition. At once I arose and began to call on Jesus to save me. The more I prayed the more I got into trouble.

Not knowing what to do, I enquired of every one I met, who I thought would know, what to do to be saved; but no one seemed to be able to help me.

At last I became desperate, and not knowing what else I could do, I called the neighbors together for a prayer meeting. When they arrived we had no one to lead the meeting, so I undertook it myself. We sang a hymn and had one season of prayer. It may have been a short season, I do not know; but I do know that God, for Jesus' sake, forgave all my sins, and the burden of my heart rolled away.

Being very ignorant of the Bible, God's ways and Satan's devices, the enemy of my soul forcibly assailed me with my old habits. Tobacco

had a great hold on me. God showed me it was wrong. I fought against it for a time, but finally yielded and was again brought into bondage. The enemy said to me, "You never had religion at all," but I could not forget what God had done for me, neither would I stop praying I could not enjoy myself in sin.

In this state I remained for two years, believing there was no help for me. I saw nothing but sin and formality around me.

At the end of two years I was deeply convicted by the death of my child, and by reading a book entitled, "The Life of Christ." I started seeking God in earnest. After a terrible struggle I laid aside my tobacco. The neighbors were again called for a prayer meeting, and God came and gloriously saved my soul. I shall never forget how God took the desire for tobacco out of me. In a moment the unclean spirit was cast out, and I was clothed and in my right mind. I was the happiest man on earth. A wonderful change had taken place in my heart. I preached everywhere, in the market, in the store, and by the roadside. I felt that everybody must get saved.

Without hearing the doctrine of holiness preached, I commenced seeking the blessing about two months after my restoration. I sought

earenstly and obtained the experience. Afterwards God called me to His work, but through looking at my inability I refused to go. God was grieved and my soul suffered great loss.

I went from place to place, but found no rest, until in June of 1907, when I decided to obey God, I again received His pardoning favor. It has been heaven in my soul ever since.

After being reclaimed I attended a camp meeting, where the cleansing was applied to my heart. It was wonderful, glorious, heavenly. About a year later I attended a camp meeting at Brownsville, N.Y., where God baptized me with the Holy Ghost and Fire. He is keeping me, and I love the work to which He has called me.

Yours in Christ,

R. J. DRUCE.

SAVED FROM ROMISH ERRORS

From my earliest recollections the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church were very dear to my heart.

Born and reared in a strictly Roman Catholic home, and surrounded by a community of the same creed, its doctrines and practices were indelibly stamped on my mind and nature. All other religions and teachings, were, to my mind,

absurd, and devoid of power to deliver the soul from eternal darkness, and impart peace and happiness now and forever.

My religion was a vital part of my existence and precious as life itself. At times I felt deeply concerned about religious matters and my inclinations were to enter the priesthood. No one ever believed more firmly in the doctrines of the Roman Church than I did; nor did I ever think that my religious views, biased as they were, would or could ever be changed.

My attitude toward the Protestant religion was one of profound hatred, and the simple belief in God as a Saviour from all that is unholy and sinful, I regarded as fanatical and unreasonable. It was at this juncture that the most important epoch of my life occurred.

Early in the spring of 1902 I obtained a position in the capacity of civil servant. During the same year I attended a Protestant service for the first time. Having been taught from my infancy the enormity of the sin a Catholic would commit, should he enter a Protestant Church, I hesitated even when curiosity impelled. Through public comment I had heard much about the Holiness Movement, and their mode of worship, that, finally, curiosity overcame my scruples, and I decided to enter one of their services; not, how-

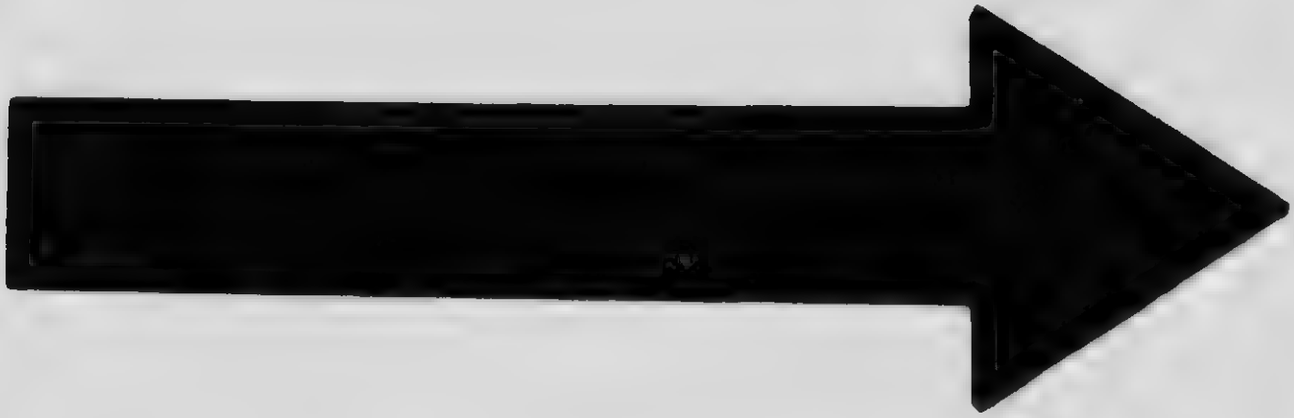
ever, before I had attended Mass and received absolution from my sins.

Being also very desirous of ascertaining wherein the Roman Catholic and Protestant religions differ, I listened attentively while the Scriptures were expounded. The Holy Spirit greatly impressed the truths upon my heart and mind. Never before had I heard the wonderful story that Jesus could save from all sin and keep us daily in this blessed experience.

Conviction kept deepening, and God caused me to feel my great need of Him as a personal Saviour. Whilst I always believed in Jesus having died to save us, I had never heard the teaching that He would become a personal friend and Saviour to every one who would repent and forsake sin.

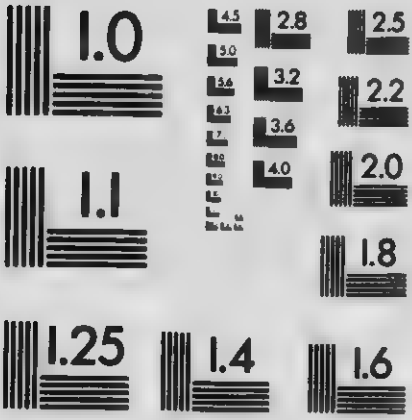
After a time, I attended the services quite regularly, with the result that my religious convictions were deepened and the eyes of my understanding were opened to perceive the vast difference between an experience of vital godliness and a life built on the sandy foundation of dead works.

I began to seek the Lord with my whole heart. I proved Him to be a God of truth. I sought and found Him, of whom John the Baptist spake, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

It was truly a wonderful experience to be brought from such a night of darkness into the marvelous light of Gospel day. I have proven God's grace sufficient to keep me under all the trying circumstances I have encountered. God mercifully veiled my eyes from much that lay before me in leaving the church of my birth and thereby causing division in my home. Yet, I see in this the fulfilling of the Scripture, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword," etc. (Matt. 10:34).

I feel like giving God all the glory for the work He has wrought in my heart, and for His love manifested through His dear children, who prayed for me until the light shone into my soul.

Nearly ten years have passed since I was born into the kingdom of grace, and I have found "the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." (Prov. 4:18). So far from having any regrets for taking the self-denying way of the cross, the cry of my heart is:

"O, that the world might taste and see,
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace."

To all the dear Roman Catholics who are hon-

estly anxious about their soul's salvation, I would like to say, "Search the Scriptures," for in them ye shall find the path to eternal life.

I expect to be faithful unto death and inherit a crown of life.

In Christ,

CHAS. WILLARD TOBIN.

A CONVERTED LUMBERMAN

I am often asked my reasons for joining the Holiness Movement Church, after being for so many years a member of another denomination. True, I was a member for many years, and everything seemed to go very quietly, only at times there was great trouble in my soul, the cause being I had no salvation.

At one time, while under deep conviction, I went to my class-leader telling him my trouble, and how I had been saved when a boy, but had wandered far from God, and had formed an appetite for strong drink, which was indulged for about twelve years, and although God had removed this appetite, I felt I was not saved. He told me that I had been so wicked I need never expect the same joy I once had, but to go right on, as I was as good as the rest. This seemed to ease me for a while, but I soon found out it

was only a draught of the devil's soothing syrup; the trouble would still arise in my soul, sleepless nights would come and go, and I felt the harvest was fast passing and the summer would soon be ended and my soul not saved.

In the fall, when starting on my lumbering business, I went to Kingston, where I found a sect very much spoken against at that time; while listening to the Word of God, deep conviction seized me, and I said, Truly this is the old time religion. This was the Salvation Army. I remembered the old Methodist meetings forty-four years ago in the old chapel on the bank of the St. Lawrence River, where it was said they could be heard a mile praising God. I remembered seeing the Revs. Hows and Kugan become so filled with the Spirit when preaching that they would fall back in their seats, clapping their hands and praising God, then get up and finish the sermon. There were a number prostrated as well, in nearly every service. This was a short time before the Church commenced to marry herself to the world and *leave off* the beautiful robes of righteousness and *take on* the robes of worldly adornment.

The conviction received in Kingston did not leave me, although I stifled it over two years before I yielded; but about twelve years ago I bowed at the penitent form in the Salvation Army, and

in a few moments God spoke peace to my troubled soul.

"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice,
On Thee my Saviour and my God."

I began to praise God from the depths of my soul, and have been so doing ever since, and will, by the help of God, through time and while the years of eternity roll. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles." Oh, the joy that came into my heart! I felt like running home to tell how great things the Lord had done for me. I went out in the daily pursuits of my life a new man. I was using tobacco at the time, but God showed me this was wrong, and I stopped using it. I have never had the least desire to return to the old world. I hate the sins that made me mourn.

I was totally ignorant at that time of the power of God to destroy the carnal nature; I found uprisings in my heart and the appetite for tobacco greatly troubled me at times, but God gave me grace to overcome and keep the old man down for over four years. In the month of July, the Rev. W. R. Russell, Presbyterian, arrived in my home village. He preached that we could be freed from inbred sin. I immediately prayed for deliverance, and God took such a hold upon me, that for a while, I could hardly tell whether I was in

the body or not; but when I came to myself, I was on my feet praising God with all my might.

Conversion was a great blessing, but truly this was far greater, and I praised God more than ever. Oh, I was truly emptied of all the old self-life and filled with the fulness of God. It was said through the village that I had made a fool of myself.

The Bible seemed like a new book. How it opened to me in all its fulness and grandeur, showing me the state of man as I had never seen it before! There were a great many things in the churches that I believed to be wrong, but now I saw it clearly. God revealed all things that were displeasing to Him very clearly to me, placing a spirit within me that could not be overcome by man nor devil; my shoes were as iron and brass, and my face as adamant. God knew what I had to face better than I did. The devil is more afraid of one sanctified soul than ten who have not found this experience. Formalists, that seemed to be my best friends, turned their backs upon me, crying, "Away with him!"

Still the battle was not at its hottest yet. The same fall I went to a camp meeting, where there were great disputings between members and preachers on the doctrine of holiness. I was not on the ground twenty minutes until God deluged me. Soon a preacher sprang to his feet, taking

hold of me and saying sharply, "Who, sir, is not fit to preach?" Quickly I replied, "All who are not filled with the Holy Ghost power." He then took his seat, and I went on, but was soon taken hold upon again and asked, "Whom are you trying to slander?" To which I quickly replied, "the devil, and will do so as long as I live." I remained there three days; God wonderfully poured out His Spirit on me, it seemed the heavens and earth kissed each other, and I was in the midst. On returning home I felt I had all God had for me, but still there was "more to follow."

On Sabbath I was so filled it was impossible for me to express my feelings. I prayed, shouted and praised God all day. In the morning service I found it impossible to remain quiet. At this time I knew nothing about the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, the extraordinary gift, only as I had read in the Word of God, the experience of the disciples, and how they received it on the day of Pentecost. While on my knees in the evening service, the heavens seemed to open on me, and while praising God, I saw, as it were, a great sheet let down from heaven, and as one corner turned down, there poured out like glittering oil. It reached me. I had received the Pentecost. I did not cease to praise God all through the preaching, and did not rise from the floor till some time after the meeting closed.

There was great controversy over my shouting and interrupting the meeting. I was taken home, and for two days I could not walk straight, but the very air seemed like oil, it reminded me of the oil that ran down Aaron's beard, down to the skirts of his garment. God was enlarging the vessel.

God kept this soul of mine, and a few others so well fortified, that all the force the devil and his agents brought to bear upon us, only caused us to become stronger. To Him be all glory! As the baptism of fire came down on the few, the meeting would be broken up by the preacher in charge. He once caught hold of me and ordered me to get out; I gave no attention, but still praised God. At another time he mocked my testimony; several times while testifying I was ordered out by church members, and called the filth and dirt of the place. How God would bless me at these times! Finally they consulted a lawyer to see if they could stop me, but no law could be found to stop a man from protesting against sin; a deputation waited on me at my home, but I knew it was better to obey God than man.

What did I say or do that stirred the preacher and people? I cried aloud and spared not, giving what God gave me. I saw the devil's old commercial trunk wide open, and preachers and mem-

bers, at the peril of their souls, buying out of it freely, as I used to do, feathers, birds, flowers, jewellery, lace, popular games, croquet, hockey, church entertainments, Christmas trees, and many other things that the church has enlarged the borders of her garments to take in.

I went to a camp-meeting at Chesterville, and while there God spoke to me and said, "Get up and get out, your work is done, they will not hear your prayer or testimony." Being assured it was the voice of God I obeyed, came home, and had my name removed from the church register, not knowing where I would go; but, praise God, it was not many months till Jesus said: "I have opened a door this day that no man can shut." Praise God, I have entered the open door. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord and His praise shall be ever in my mouth. My own self-righteousness is as filthy rags in His sight. Truly I can say, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

One Sabbath evening, God so baptized me in the church while the minister was praying, I shouted, and while doing so one of the members, a magistrate, hit me over the head saying, "Stop, sir, or I will have you arrested in the morning. God was blessing me, but then He poured on me a double portion, and my shouts

grew louder. The minister refused to preach. At another meeting, in the morning, God was wonderfully blessing my soul while testifying, and suddenly one of the leading members jumped up on a chair and cried out: "I move that Herman Raney be put out of the church!" Oh, how the people shouted! Those days reminded me of the days of Job, when the children of God met together, Satan appeared also.

I wish to add here a circumstance that happened me a few years ago, while running the rapids on the St. Lawrence River with timber.

In Quebec, Frenchmen and Indians pilot the rafts down the rapids. At the head of every rapid there is a large cross on the bank of the river; as we pass them these men get down and say their prayers. At this particular time I got down as well, and prayed, asking God to give us a safe run; the answer came with much assurance, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." I arose, and walking down near the middle of the raft where the pilot stood, I asked him how it was going; he answered, in French, "It runs well."

We were just entering the rapid, and at that moment I heard a sound under the raft like a clap of thunder. A piece of timber had become loose and run down end ways. It struck the

bottom and came up close beside me—the pilot was frightened—the one end ran up about fifteen feet; I stood in the most dangerous place; the devil said, "Run." I said "No." O God, I hold Thee to Thy promises." The devil said, "Where is 'the water that will not overflow' now?" I replied, "Get thee hence, Satan." I never will forget how God blessed me; I leaped and jumped and praised God. I learned a lesson then, that when God promises, stand on the promise and He will see you through. Had I run at the devil's suggestion, I would have dishonored God; it was a trial of my faith, God brought us through safely. To Him be all glory!

This happened in the lost channel of the Lachine Rapids, where the foaming billows of the St. Lawrence never cease to roll. I once heard a minister say, it was only shallow water that roared as it passed over the stones, and it was only shallow people made a noise about religion; but if he ran the St. Lawrence, he would find it was the deep water that made the great roar.

O God, send a storm upon the souls of the people before the storm of the judgment overtakes them!

Yours, in the holy wa

HERMAN RANEY.

A COLPORTEUR'S TESTIMONY

Being brought up in a home where we had family worship, and where church attendance was enforced, I grew up to be moral, having a desire to be a Christian, and was a regular attendant at Sabbath school and church.

I embraced every opportunity of openly seeking God. I went every night to the penitent form during the annual revival meetings. In the fourth series of meetings I was converted, and enjoyed God's blessing; but coming in contact with a great deal of profession and very little spiritual life, I lost the blessing, but kept up the profession.

For some years I was a member of a church, took an active part in the Young People's meetings, and taught a Sabbath school class; but had no peace with God. Watching Christian lives, however, opened my eyes, and created in me a hunger for the peace of God in my heart.

I commenced to read my Bible, forsake the ways of sin, and be more zealous in church work. My hunger after God increased. After eight months, I left home for the West. I prayed earnestly that I might be led by God, as I would have to face a wicked world. He answered my prayer, by leading me into a Christian home and among spiritual people.

Hearing the doctrine of holiness preached, I shrank from seeking it until the preacher said that, "Every one who has salvation is after holiness, and only those that seek it will convince me that they have salvation." I went to the altar that night, merely to hold my standing with the people; but having started to seek I would not draw back.

God dealt in love and mercy with me, showing me my sins, and helping me to repent. I sought for the witness, feelings and manifestations. I knew that salvation was by faith, yet it seemed impossible for me to believe. It appeared as if I would be acting the hypocrite and telling a lie, to venture on God and claim His blessing. I was willing to be anything or do anything, yet this did not bring the blessing.

I saw that unbelief was my only hindrance, but seemingly I could not shake it off until the night of March 6th, 1902. I had been under severe temptation, and being almost discouraged, I asked my pastor, Rev. S. J. Shields, to remain and pray with me, after the regular service. He explained the simplicity of and sure foundation for our faith. The promise, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," came to me with force. By naked faith, I commenced thanking God for this promise and for

blessing me. I ended my thanksgiving prayer with a heart full of assurance and a witness clear and definite. While there were no wonderful manifestations, yet the work that God performed that night has stood the test for ten years. I fully believed I had holiness of heart. I could not see anything in my life to bring a doubt to my mind. I enjoyed God's favor and grew in grace.

In the month of July, of the same year, I attended a camp meeting at Killarney. It was here I first saw my true standing. Rev. R. C. Horner preached from the text: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." I saw my past life and my present condition, also my privilege through the blood of Christ. I needed no one to coax me to seek this blessing, but went to the altar, knowing and believing that God would lead me into it.

My repentance of inbred sin was deep, but of short duration. After repenting it was so easy to trust God. The first time I asked God to cleanse my heart, the blood of Christ was applied. Not one spot or stain of sin remained. I knew that the works of the devil were destroyed.

About this time God called me into colporteur work, in lumber and railroad camps, where I have been engaged the greater part of the last seven

years. I have met all classes of men; I have heard profanity and vulgarity until my heart sickened; I have seen enough sin to make me long for deliverance from the sinful surroundings, yet I can say, Where He leads, I will gladly follow. Through it all I am kept by the power of God.

Yours to be true,

(REV.) JACOB BRAUN.

VICTORY THROUGH FAITH

In writing my religious experience for publication, I deem it a privilege, as well as a duty. While contemplating writing, the thought came—There is nothing very striking about my experience and it will not be very acceptable for publication; but with it came a longing to witness for Jesus in this way.

I was brought up by parents who had experienced a change of heart in their youth. They taught me that in order to live a Christian life, it was necessary to be born again of the Spirit.

My great-grandfather was an old-time Methodist minister, and I have often heard my parents tell how the blessing would fall under his preaching, until sinners would cry for mercy, and even after his superannuation, the call would come from miles around for his help in revival effort.

For years my father was a local preacher in the Methodist Church, and in revival effort I would always find myself at the altar as a seeker of salvation; but failed to receive the blessing.

I was taken into the Church with a number of other children when very young and was looked upon as a Christian, although I knew my heart was not right with God. I went on in this way until I was about fifteen years of age, when I went to stay with my sister at Wilton, Ont. She had been converted under Rev. R. C. Horner's efforts, in a revival in the Methodist Church of that place, and was anxious to have her friends get the same experience.

There was a revival in progress in the Free Methodist Church at that time, Rev. L. Sager being pastor in charge. I accompanied my sister to the meeting, and soon found myself among the seekers, with a great hungering in my soul for something that would satisfy. I sought very earnestly for two weeks. I was enabled to "surrender all," but expected the blessing to fall on me without any effort on my part to believe God. But just when I was beginning to get discouraged and wonder if I would have to give up and be eternally lost, two sisters began to exhort me to believe God, and the moment I began to believe, the witness came. The great outpouring I had been looking for did not come, but I had a real

consciousness of sins forgiven. When I would lie down on my bed at night, such a sweet peace would fill my soul, and I felt sure if Jesus would come before morning, I would be with Him.

I often told my sister I would like to die; she could scarcely believe me, but I really felt a strong desire at times to go to be with Jesus.

After a time, I came home, where there was but little spiritual help, but it was not long until the Lord sent a very spiritual Salvation Army captain our way, and as he was not allowed to hold meetings in the church, my father cleared out our barn, seated it with new planks, and made it quite comfortable, and he held meetings there. There was quite an awakening, and this was the place where I first received a great outpouring of the Spirit. While some of my unsaved friends were gathering around the altar to seek the Lord, the Spirit fell on me, and, oh, it was simply wonderful! Some were quite excited and led me out into the air to see if that would help me; but I shouted the louder. I made no effort to shout, but the praises came spontaneously, even the Army man did not seem to quite understand it. The power of God took possession of my entire being. For some time after this it seemed that I walked in heaven.

Not long after this my sister and I went to Wilton again, and there was a meeting in pro-

gress, under Sisters Moke and Coultheart, and it was there I sought and found the blessing of entire sanctification. The good people of these parts prayed very earnestly with us for some time before we were able to go in and possess the land; but, praise God, the time came, when we could sing with the rest:

"I'm over; I'm over; on Canaan's shore I stand;
I'm over; I'm over; in the promised land."

Since that time I have had many real battles with the enemy, but I praise God, that this Tuesday morning, June 11, 1911, finds me on the victory side. The Lord has put the "go through" spirit in me. I have no desire for the things I've left behind. After years in His service, I can truly say, His ways are delightful. One downpour of the Holy Spirit more than repays for all I am called to suffer here. I expect some day, by His grace, to reach the portals of glory.

GERTIE PETERSON.

HE SATISFIETH THE HUNGRY

My parents were Lutherans. My father died when I was six years old. I then went to live with my grandmother, and remained there for two years. During the second year of my stay a Methodist local preacher, a Mr. Meeker, com-

menced revival services in a private house in the nighborhood. We were, however, forbidden to go. The Methodists in those days were despised by the other denominations. One evening I stole away to the meeting. My grandmother found out that I had attended the revival service, and after that closely watched my movements. Had I been allowed to attend the service I believe it would have been the means of my conversion. The preaching was so different from what I had been accustomed to hear. A feeling came over me at what I saw and heard. It was strange to me, but left a lasting impression.

One Sunday a few years later, a lady evangelist came to our community. I attended the school house where the meetings were to be held. My relatives had much to say about the sermon and the preacher. My former impressions were refreshed and deepened, and, young though I was, I believed that that was the right religion. I see now the Holy Ghost was convincing me and preparing me for what was to follow.

When I was seventeen our congregation lost their preacher, and could not get one from the same Synod to which he belonged, and so applied to another Synod of the same denomination, and procured a man who was a revivalist, a holy man who preached the Methodist doctrine. Some called him the "Methodist-Lutheran." He soon

saw the state of the congregation and commenced revival meetings. In January, 1861, during that revival, I was so convicted of sin that I turned from all sin and cried to God for mercy. God for Christ's sake pardoned me. I became a new creature in Christ Jesus. I was adopted into the family of God.

Most of the congregation profesed conversion during his stay with us. Every neighborhood had a prayer meeting once or twice a week. When he left, some of the dissenting members procured a minister from the former Synod. He arrived and immediately denounced this new religion, as he termed it. He denied the possibility of living without sin, and drew the majority of the members with him.

A few stood for the truth, keeping up the prayer meetings. But with no spiritual adviser, I soon drifted from God. However, I never went into open sin. God's Spirit kept striving with me until I again sought Him. Praise God! He restored to me the joy of His salvation. I felt there was something more needed or I would be overcome once more, for under provocation I could feel the spirit of anger try to rise, and so with pride and other sins. I feared they would overcome me. I sent for works on holiness and holiness periodicals. I read, prayed and struggled but could find no relief. I nearly gave up in de-

spair. As a last resort I went to the Bible, for I remembered Jesus prayed, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." The first passage God seemed to direct me to was, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might *destroy* the works of the devil." With this light came the blood, which forever destroyed the power of sin.

This took place on the eighth day of June, 1888. I can say to the glory of God that I have had many provocations greater than before this work was done, and have not felt the least uprising. He has filled my whole heart with His perfect love.

At this time I was still a member of my former church and teaching a class in the Sunday School. I at once commenced to teach holiness, deliverance from all sin; but this did not meet with the approval of the minister and quite a number of his flock. A few days after the minister and officers waited on me. They pointed out that the doctrine of holiness was contrary to their teaching. I was asked to give up such teaching or leave the church. I could not give up the teaching, it was too good.

I lived for about fifteen years without a spiritual home. The churches did not want me, I was too noisy. Whenever I heard of revival meetings being conducted in the neighborhood, I usually

attended. This gave me a chance to pray and testify. Sometimes on my second appearance the leader would call on those whom he wanted to pray. I was too noisy for orderly society, I suppose. Sometimes I could get away from home for a meeting or two. On these occasions I would endeavor to hear Rev. Thos. McAmmond or Misses Birdsall and Mason, or Rev. R. C. Horner. Those were refreshing times.

In the year 1903 the Holiness Movement commenced revival services in my native town, and as was my custom, I went to their meetings. Soon I found they were the same as the Methodists I first heard in 1852. I felt at home. Loud hallelujahs did not affect their nerves

In the month of July, 1895, while waiting for a train at Finch, having two hours to spare, I went to a grove near by, and that place became my upper room. Previous to that I had received many blessings and sometimes thought I had the Pentecost. But there, while kneeling by a large stone, with my open Bible before me, God talking with me and I pleading with Him for power to reach souls and help them into the kingdom, I heard the sound as of a rushing mighty wind. I cannot describe it, but those who have received it know. Since then God has helped me to win many souls.

A. A. WHITTEKER.

TITHING

For quite a number of years I have been a firm believer in devoting, at least, one-tenth of my income to the work of God. I have been much blessed in so doing.

During a camp meeting I remember hearing a sermon on the subject of tithing. I enjoyed it very much. That night, not being able to fall asleep, I meditated on the subject of tithing. Up to that time I had only tithed the *money* God had given me. He vividly brought to my memory things of value which I had received, things which were very necessary in the work I was engaged in, and that their *value* also should have been tithed. For instance, the kind people of my circuit had given me a horse, buggy, harness, saddle, dwelling tent, etc., which things were just as valuable as money to me.

Through sickness, I became financially embarrassed. For years I had borne the burden of debt. I had, at this time, succeeded in laying aside some money with which to meet the interest and a small payment on the principle. This was due in a short time. I was happy in prospect of reducing my indebtedness. I had been crying to God for deliverance.

After reserving the tithe of the value of all the gifts I had received, I found that it nearly swallowed up all I had succeeded in laying aside to

meet my obligations. My heart sank within me. My anticiapted pleasure of a partial payment of my debt seemed to take wings. I was disappointed.

The enemy whispered, "It is not right; God does not require it." He says, "Owe no man anything." Then I would look at it again from God's point of view, and say it is but right.

I decided that if it took every cent I had, I would pay my debt to God first. I was confident that God was pleased with the decision. I set apart the Lord's tithe, using it in His work as He directed.

What I wish to tell to the glory of God is this: When conference met a few weeks later, I came up with money sufficient to pay off all my creditors, bear my conference expenses, and purchase a supply of warm clothes for the winter, including a good, warm fur coat.

You may wonder where it all came from. It was and still is a wonderment to myself. Praise God! The Lord provideth.

The foregoing experience, though testing, was precious to me. How I praised God for deliverance. I firmly believe that had I not have obeyed God, I would not have experienced such a deliverance, and would have missed the blessing I received through obedience and trust.

Yours, to obey, G. A. CHRISTIE.

SAVED AND CALLED TO PREACH

Having had the privilege of religious meetings from early childhood, I received the love of God in my heart when quite young. But in going to school I would get away from it again. At the age of thirteen, with a broken and contrite heart I knelt at the altar of prayer at a camp meeting, and was gloriously saved. I continued for some time seeking entire sanctification, but making very little progress. I felt the Lord calling me into the work of winning souls.

About a year from my conversion, I felt that before I could be cleansed, I must ask the Lord to forgive me for not pressing into it sooner. I did, and then the way was clear to enter Beulah land. I entered in the name of the Lord.

That fall when the Holiness School opened at 480 Bank Street, Ottawa, I felt the time had come for me to enter to prepare for this great work. Mother, thinking I hardly realized what it meant, said to me, "Go to suffer." When the morning came to start, my father put some money in my hand, and spoke of the promise of an hundredfold to those leaving brethren, or sisters, father or mother, for His sake and the Gospel's. This was my banknote.

I took a very humble, plain, self-denying way. In the spring before going to help in revival ser-

vices, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire.

I cannot say that I always kept just as humble, tender and conscientious as at that time. I varied a little in plainness. The Lord brought my remembrance the landmarks of my early experience, and enabled me to come back to them. One year, at the Feast of Pentecost, in the first meeting, the heavens opened on my soul, and the assurance came I was just the same as when I was first saved. The second day the precious blood flowed over my heart, and the third day I was baptized with the Holy Ghost and Fire.

EVA E. JAMES.

WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR ME

When very young God convicted my heart of sin and convinced me of my need of salvation. From that time until my conversion I never lost the consciousness of my sinful state. I often sought Jesus, both privately and publicly, but did not approach near enough to receive His blessing of pardon. As I grew older, I conformed more and more to the world, and learned to love its vanities, though always with great dissatisfac-

tion of heart. During this time God dealt much with me. When the thunder roared, the lightning flashed and the wind shook our prairie home, I would awaken at night, feeling terribly frightened. My mother who for years was a godly woman, always asked God's blessing on our meals. In her absence, I felt the cross on me, but never taking it up, it was gradually lifted. When a favorite uncle died, to all appearance unsaved, I was deeply touched. Had I been saved, I might have led him to Jesus.

After some years of anxious longing, I settled that I would seek Jesus. It meant seven weeks of humbling myself before He saved me. Jesus came to me in August, 1908. I felt I was truly rich. The heaviness of spirit; the burden of sin; the consciousness of guilt, was all gone. I had received joy, glad joy. Sorrow and sighing seemed to take wings, and the joy and peace of the Lord filled my heart. I received grace to help in family worship, to visit and pray with the neighbors, and to do many other things for the furtherance of God's cause

After a period of victory, the enemy came in like a flood, and in not looking steadfastly to Jesus, I lost the victory. Then followed some months of dissatisfaction. Though I repented and came back to Jesus, the enemy caused me to look at my feelings instead of Jesus and I

failed to retain victory. I often looked at myself and thought I did not have the peace and joy that I should have, and would throw away my confidence and begin over again to seek salvation. This, of course, weakened, and well-nigh destroyed my faith, until at last it seemed I had no confidence, either in myself or God. I was in a sad plight, and often wondered if I could ever gain and retain perfect victory. How tenderly the Lord dealt with me! For a year I meandered in and out, "sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting." Through the faithful dealings of a true pastor, who came to our field of labor, about this time, I saw how dishonoring to Jesus was my doubting, and determined to cast myself wholly upon Him. He helped me to grasp His promises; I was enabled to stand For about three weeks the struggle between doubt and faith was very great; but faith triumphed. I could truly testify:

> "Doubts and fears are borne along,
> On the current's ceaseless flow."

When first God came to me, it was wonderful; but not more wonderful than this. I now had sweeping victory. As I walked in the light of justification, God revealed to me the sin of my heart. I realized that its presence was not pleasing to Him, nor did it help me nearer to

Him. I so repented of this inbred sin that I loathed and abhorred myself. I cried to God for deliverance. He who showed me my corrupt heart, heard my cry, and was faithful to apply the blood which cleansed me from all my sin. Doubt, fear, anger, impatience, pride and all the kindred roots of sin were destroyed, and my heart was filled with the fulness of love, joy and peace. Though trials and testings came from every side, all was peaceful within my breast. With no inward foes, I grew rapidly in grace, as outward enemies drove me nearer to God.

God wonderfully poured out His Spirit upon me as I proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ and His power to save. In the early spring He was pleased to call me into public work for Him.

For some time I labored without the anointing for service. God let me see my need of it. I asked Him to baptize me with the Holy Ghost and Fire. He poured it upon me the extra gift to weep and sow; a perfect equipment for effective work for Him. The Holy unction makes this work easy. As I live continually in this experience, I am drawn into closer touch with God. He continually strengthens, upholds and keeps.

When I had been in the work for a year, I went to God for the healing of my body as I had been afflicted for twelve years. I covenanted to

be true to Him; to use my strength as He directed, not over-doing or under-doing, and to faithfully work in His vineyard. My faith grasped His promise. In a moment it was done. I have often loked to Him for relief since. He has never failed me. He is also giving me faith and inspiration for others. I believe God will do much for His people on this line, if they will but allow Him.

He is leading me daily. Praise His name! These days are good days to me. As I look back over nearly five years spent for God, I realize that His hand has led me onward. I am not tired of the race, but delight in it more and more. My heart pants after God, and my soul cries out for the salvation of others.

A. V. HARRIS.

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

When I was about ten years of age my father died. My mother was cast on the mercy of a godless world to fight the battles of life without a husband's protection. Life was rough and stormy for a while. Some few years afterwards my mother married again, and we were glad to have some one to care for us.

My native home was in Newfoundland. In 1903 we came to Toronto. Here I started work, and mingling with ungodly men I soon learned to take the name of God in vain. My desires, however, were strong to do good; but through the deceitfulness of sin they grew weaker and weaker till evil habits got a strong hold upon me. After one y ar in this sinful way, I saw it was the road to hell.

During this time it was customary for me to attend church and Sunday school. An evangelist came to the church which I attended. One night I joined the number that went forward. We kneeled with our head on our hands, but no one prayed with us. In about five minutes' time we arose and testified; but experienced no change of heart.

I was greatly surprised the following Sabbath morning to hear my name called among others who were to join the church. I went forward and joined the church. Fr this time I left off some of my habits, such as .vearing and using tobacco.

Some time after this the Rev. Philip Geiter started revival services in Toronto, about a mile and a half from my home. He called to see us one evening, and, after having supper and prayer, he sat down beside me and asked me if I were saved. I answered, "Yes," as I had joined the

church. Then he talked to me about holiness. Of this I knew nothing, and had never heard tell of the experience before. However, I made up my mind that I would go and hear him preach. When the altar call was given, I went forward to seek holiness. It was not long before God converted my soul. He made me a new creature, "Old things had passed away," and all things became new.

I felt my need of holiness. I sought the Lord continually. I will never forget the morning that God did the work. It was in the workshop, just after starting to work. My faith went up to God. I remember the prayer. It was this: "Oh, Lord, sanctify me now." No sooner had the words escaped my lips when the blessing reached my soul. A voice within assured me the work was done, and there was a readiness in my soul for all His blessed will. Nothing seemed too hard to do for Jesus. The same love wells up within my soul while I write these lines.

With this love and power, God gave me a passion for the lost and perishing. Gladly would I have stayed at home and given of my means to support the Gospel; but that was not God's will. He called, and sent me forth. For this work He anointed me with the Holy Ghost.

Yours, to die on the battlefield for King Jesus, (REV.) G. OLEFORD.

GRATITUDE TO GOD

Gratitude arises from every recess of my heart, as I view the few years of my life, and remember the early strivings of the Holy Spirit with my soul. These, with the counsel, teaching, restraint and prayers of godly parents, kept the fear of God before my eyes and finally led me to fall at Jesus' feet and plead forgiveness at His hand alone.

At the age of fourteen, seeing my mother's concern for my salvation, the fountain of my heart was broken, contrition for sin seized me, and disobedience to parents, indifference to the things of God, etc., appeared in a stronger light than they previously had done; also a great soul-hunger to find Jesus took possession of me.

After going to an altar of prayer, and receiving some help, I found God while kneeling down at my bedside. Ten thousand human voices in loud proclamation of freedom could not have been more real or assuring than this voice of Jesus, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." I have never had one doubt but that there and then, God in mercy received me and saved my soul. What charms that one look at Jesus carried! How earth's beauties faded! From that day I never found it in my heart to wilfully transgress, or close my heart against a love like His.

For some time I seemed to have trouble regarding the experience of entire sanctification, and was ready to conclude that I should never receive the witness of the Spirit as clearly as that I received to my justification. But the testimony of the saints now living, as well as those who being dead yet speak, with the Word of truth and Spirit of God, saved me from the delusion and kept me hating, loathing and repenting of all carnal depravity, and, thanks be to Jesus, He spoke the second time, "be clean," and added the clear, bright testimony of the Spirit as unmistakable as to my conversion.

I find it means watching, prayerful study of the truth, and attending the various means of grace that God has placed within our reach, to abide in Him, and retain the experience He gives. But, "Thanks be to God who always causeth us to triumph," I had then a strong persuasion that if Jesus, who was pure in heart, had need of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, surely I had much more need of it. I believed it to be power for service; power to suffer; power to witness to what God had wrought; the Spirit of grace and supplication; a special enduement for effective service. With this view, I began to study the truth, consequently my desire to receive it increased, my faith strengthened, and God graciously poured

the blessing out upon me. I was confirmed in all I had formerly received.

I have had occasion to prove its power in the valley dark and low, when afflictions press and grief rends the heart; when storms of temptation threaten to break this frail bark; when earthly joys flee, and the trusted fail, and earthly ties are broken. He is a present, never-failing source of strength on which I lean.

MARY IRWIN.

SAVED AND KEPT

My childhood was spent in England, my parents belonging to the Wesleyan Methodist chapel, and many were the gracious seasons of refreshing they enjoyed from the presence of the Lord.

I was early taught to pray, and to believe that God would answer prayer. There comes to my mind many direct answers to my petitions, even before I experienced saving grace.

While only seven or eight years of age, God came to my heart in power, and made Himself known to me, and for a long time I lived under His smile.

In my thirteenth year, we came to Canada to live, and in making new associates I became careless and indifferent toward God. In the

year 1895, God saw fit to afflict me with typhoid fever. For weeks the fever raged, till it seemed my strength was altogether spent. One day, while much weaker than usual, as my relatives and the doctor were standing by my bedside, I looked up and saw the anxious look upon their faces; then the thought dawned upon my mind, I might soon be called to meet God. With this came the consciousness that I was not ready to die. Then came a sight of myself. Such a vision! It seemed as though I were hanging over an awful precipice by a brittle thread, and it might break any moment and my soul be ushered into eternity unprepared. I cannot describe my feelings. I was too weak to pray and couldn't bring myself to tell my dear ones I was lost.

Oh! the anguish and the tormenting fear of death. I closed my eyes, and in my distress promised God that if He would spare my life, I would spend it in His service.

The question came to my mind, "What about holiness?" Misses Birdsall and Mason had been preaching the doctrine in our midst and many opposed the doctrine. I lifted my heart to God, and said, "Yes, Lord, I'll not stop short of the blessing."

That vow was recorded in heaven. God took me at my word, and extended His mercy toward me. For a while I became unconscious and then

fell into an easy sleep, and from that time began to recover. I commenced to seek the old paths, and read my Bible, and as soon as I was able to be out again, presented myself at the altar as a definite seeker of salvation.

For a while I could not understand the manifestations of the Spirit, feeling that to laugh and shout at prayer time did not show reverence to God. On the sixth day of February, 1896, as my father, sister and I, knelt in prayer at home, God set me free. I did, indeed, cry out, and shout aloud for joy, and the manifestations of the Holy Spirit have never troubled nor puzzled me since. Glory to God! This is not a thing of the past, as the same sweet Spirit thrills my soul as I write, and although that was fifteen years ago, the blessing is still mine. Praise God!

I can truly say the way has been delightful in the service of God. I did not stop there, but never rested until God spoke again and destroyed the old root of sin and cleansed my heart.

My present experience is, I am the Lord's, body, soul and spirit. His seal is upon me. He has kept me where the blessing of the Lord overtakes me. I have great reason to praise Him. On several occasions He has healed my body of disease, and raised me up again to work for Him. My greatest joy is in seeing souls weeping their

way to Jesus and have the privilege of praying them into the kingdom.

MRS. M. C. PRITCHARD.

HEALING

"Who his own self bare our sins in his body upon the tree, that we, having died unto sins, might live unto righteousness, by whose stripes ye were healed." 1 Peter 2:24.

Many times since my healing I have been impressed to write my testimony as another witness to the power and willingness of God to lift up His people, and as many times have I shrunk from doing so.

It is a pleasure to tell of my wonderful healing; but, to go back to my childhood and rehearse a life of suffering and to expose the caues, means much more. It was only after I believed it was His will for me to do so, that I have consented to have my testimony published for the glory of God and the blessing of others.

When a child about seven years old, I was, to all appearances, in perfect health and of much natural energy. But one day I was instantly smitten down with a pain in my limb; and in a few hours it was much inflamed, a high fever set in, and I became delirious.

It was treated by my doctor as erysipelas, but about three weeks of intense suffering exposed a case of bone felon of the worst form. Month after month the disease increased, and my sufferings were too intense to be described in words. These pains lasted for about four years.

After that I began to improve, and for several years it seemed that I would outgrow it. But in this there was disappointment, as we found the disease was not to be baffled; for as I developed into womanhood, I was again brought down.

My teaching was that "God is love, and He was chastising me to win and bring me to Himself;" but I failed to see the point, and it only made me bitter against Him. I argued thus: Why was I alone made to suffer? My life was no worse than my sisters, who were well and strong. And instead of loving God, my heart became bitter, and I hated the very name of God, and avoided it in every way I could. I loved to read about Jesus, and I longed for the Comforter, but the name of God was a terror to me.

Finally my condition became so bad that our doctor said I could not live more than twelve hours longer. My parents were much concerned about my salvation at this time. My dear father approached the subject very tenderly, telling me

of the prospect of death, and asked me regarding my soul.

I knew very well that I was in an unsaved condition; but I would not yield to a God whom I actually hated. I also knew if I died in this state, that my dear mother would be distracted; so I very deliberately said, "whatever God permits is best, and if He sees fit to let me die, I am satisfied."

My father was delighted with my answer, and assured my friends that I was at last reconciled and ready to die. I can never forget the change. Instead of dying at the appointed time, I fell into a sweet sleep, and slept for four hours. On awakening, I found my dear father alone with me, and noticed the deepened lines of care on his face. When told what time it was, I thought, "If I had died in the time expected, where would I now be?" And I realized that beyond a doubt I would then have been four hours in hell.

For the first time in my experience I realized something of the love of God, my heart melted, my will yielded, and I turned—surrendered to God, without an emotion or feeling other than a fixed purpose. I now believed in the Lord with all my heart, and tried to love and serve Him, although there were many things I could not understand.

My suffering continued and increased for

about a year, when it was decided to have the limb amputated, as a last resort, as the one chance of saving my life. After it was removed, I soon grew strong, and enjoyed perfect health for about two years. I was not satisfied to remain at home, and with the prospect of increased usefulness, I began to wear an artificial limb.

I was only satisfied when engaged in revival work; and can humbly say the Lord saw fit to use me. I was given license as a local preacher and exhorter in the Methodist Church; and He encouraged me by many tokens of fruit in my mission.

In the midst of revival meetings in the church of Rev. Poizer, at Dunrobin, Ontario, Canada, preparatory to the altar service, as I was giving out the hymn, "Go labor on, spend and be spent," etc., I fainted and was carried out. This was the beginning of another period of suffering.

For two months I took treatment in a hospital, but from overwork and distress, caused by wearing the artificial limb, I was a wreck, suffering from the worst forms of internal and kidney trouble. I suffered in this condition for about six years, when I decided to submit to surgical treatment, and again went to the hospital.

In October, 1899, I underwent a most critical surgical operation; and ten weeks later underwent another. After weeks of intense suffering,

and a five months' stay in the hospital, I returned to my home, a more helpless invalid than ever. Here I suffered great mental strain, but throwing myself on the Lord with all my heart, He gave me the witness that if I did my part in staying my mind on Him, He would sustain me. This He enabled me to do.

My physical condition was indeed hopeless. For weeks at a time I would have to lie quiet, and the pain in my head was very distracting. I was a constant sufferer from biliousness, stomach trouble; and the feebleness of my body was such that I had to lie all the time. When I felt the best, I could lie with one pillow under my shoulders, and two under my head, and with the help of an invalid table, would paint mottoes. I could move from bed to chair and back to bed again; but I could not sit up at all.

Sometimes my pastor or friend would carry me to a buggy, and I would brace myself to sit up, while we would drive about a square to the church, where I was carried and laid in a camp chair. I would always be in tears from the pain, and my temperature would rise high; but a few minutes rest would restore me to quiet, and I could enjoy the meeting. I would undergo a great amount of pain to get there, but there would be months at a time that I could not get

out at all. This will give an idea of my condition from October, 1899, until July, 1908.

Many times I longed to die, but I then felt sure that God had chosen me to be His sufferer, and I did want Him to get glory out of it, so I endured it patiently; and was nearly always able to appear, at least, cheerful.

This was my condition in April, 1908, and I think a little more discouraged than usual, when I received through the mail a copy of the Sword of the Spirit, teaching divine healing as the blood-bought inheritance of the children of God. I at once became very much interested, for I could see in this teaching a deliverance for a suffering one like me. Like Christian in Pilgrim's Progress, I set about it in earnest. As he put his fingers in his ears and set out for the celestial city, so I sought God for healing.

We read that Christ's mission here was to "bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called, 'Trees of righteousness,' the planting of the Lord that He might be glorified." Isa. 61 : 1-3.

We read where Jesus explains this prophecy and declares that He came to set at liberty all

that are bruised. All through the Old Testament Scriptures we read God's promises of protection to all who keep His commandments and do His will. (Gal. 3:29). "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed and heirs of the promise." "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." (Matt. 8:17).

These Scriptures opened up with new light, especially (Eph. 5:30), "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones."

I repented much of my life of suffering, of my lack of faith and knowledge. I did groan, being burdened (2 Cor. 5:4). By faith I placed my hands on the pierced hands and laid my body on the bruised body. I cried, "Dear Jesus, I am all bruised, heal me!" I said, I will never rise until I have this blessing.

He soon enabled me to meet the conditions, and to do what seemed to be the most impossible thing. I abandoned forever all medical treatment and brought my tired and broken body to Him who created it, to restore it.

I felt I was far from my best for God; and at an altar of prayer (I had to exercise faith to get to the altar), I gave my life and all back to God. And, praise Him forever, He met with me July 10, 1908. He filled my feeble body with His own strength and health. In a moment all pain and soreness was removed, and I was changed

from a helpless, suffering invalid, to be able to sit up, walk and drive. The same week, I drove three miles, sitting up in the high seat of a farmer's express wagon, which was indeed a test of faith; but I slept better that night than for many years, and grew stronger every day.

Like the bird with the broken pinion, I can never soar aloft and do the great things; but, like the small boy, who, with a lot of men placed a large log on the top of a high building, when asked what he could do, answered with much enthusiasm, "I can push a pound."

I pray that this testimony of my deliverance from a life of suffering may be used as a stepping-stone for many suffering ones to arise and inquire from God for the old path of health, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.

I am your sister in the holy war,

SOPHIA S. HARRIS.

SAVED AND CLEANSED

While attending the meetings of the Holiness Movement Church, I was led to feel my need of God. I had a form of godliness, a profession which brought no satisfaction to my soul. The first sermon I heard my soul stirred within me. But, hearing unfavorable reports of this people,

I was fearful lest I might be drawn away into fanaticism, and stayed away from the meetings.

God's Spirit strove with me. One night toward the end of the service, when the invitation was given to those who wanted salvation, I came out to the altar of prayer. The great searchlight was turned on my heart. I saw myself a condemned sinner. For some time I longed for this wonderful salvation, which I saw manifested in this people, whose shining faces and flaming testimonies told of the saving power of God. I was under deep conviction. As God revealed the light I walked in it. Many things I had to give up in the line of stylish dress. I had never heard preaching against fashionable apparel, but I was willing to do anything that I might win Christ. Many hours I spent in wrestling with God, and at times felt Him drawing very near, but failed to venture wholly on Him. I was becoming deeply concerned about the salvation of my soul.

A night or two afterwards found me listening to the "Old, old story," and when the invitation was given I felt I must make my peace with God. While a few of God's people were praying and supplicating the throne on my behalf, the power of God fell on me. At this blessed moment, I heard the sweet voice of Jesus. The light shone in my soul, my mouth was filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing. I could say:

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear."

I felt a longing in my heart to live and die for Jesus. I longed to be at my best, that I might bring glory to His name, and I enjoyed many seasons of refreshing.

Soon after this, I felt the workings of the carnal nature. There were tendencies to fear, pride, anger and selfishness. These would rise in my heart, causing me considerable trouble. I realized it was my privilege to have the leprosy of sin cleansed. The Lord revealed to me the hidden depravity of my heart, and gave me a deep longing to be entirely renewed in the image and love of God.

For some time I sought this blessing; God showed me it was my privilege to "go up at once and possess the land." That moment my faith reached the throne I became whole. I rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I ceased not praising God.

The language of my heart is—

"Jesus comes, He fills my soul,
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory, to the Lamb."

Yours in Christ, E. L. KERR.

A NOTE OF PRAISE

In the autumn of 1892 revival services were being conducted in the Methodist Church, Dulcemaine. The last Saturday night of these services found me at the penitent form, an earnest seeker of salvation. The meeting closed, but I was still unsaved. An "after meeting" was held for earnest inquirers. A brother, who had been recently converted, knelt at my side. He uttered a simple, fervent prayer: "Lord, Thou hast saved me; Thou canst save my sister." The pastor bent also over us and spoke encouragingly. It was not long until my prayer was turned to praise, and my weeping to laughter. I rose to my feet exclaiming, "I'm saved; I'm saved. Praise the Lord, I'm saved!"

The Sabbath following I went to the evening service. Just before I left for home, a little tract was put into my hand. It was entitled, "Bible Proofs for Being Holy," with many Scripture texts quoted to prove that, "God commands it; God promises it, etc. This I read carefully. It had been my privilege to listen to two sermons on holiness, but apparently did not grasp much of the meaning of those things which are "spiritually discerned."

The day following I was obliged to return to school. Here I commenced telling my class-

mates of the joys of salvation. I attended the prayer and class meetings, and although the spiritual life in the town was very low, I grew in grace. Although boarding quite a distance from the school, God encouraged me to be very strict in my private devotions, night and morning and even at noon. I had no one to lean on, and the church services were but little help, seeing that everything was gone through in a form. The Bible was very precious to me, and then to be forgiven and kept by God was so good.

I had remembered a few of the testimonies to full salvation, and their shining faces were still before my mind's eye, speaking volumes to my now hungry soul. One night, having finished my studies a little earlier than usual, a great hunger of soul seized me. I felt this was the night to obtain the longed-for blessing. I knelt and poured out my heart's feelings when the words came, "I am being washed and made whiter than snow." I repeated these words a few times, soon I was conscious of purity—a thorough cleansing. I then cried for the Lord to fill the place thus cleansed with His Holy Spirit. Oh, such a divine inflow!

Many were made hungry, while not a few opposed and questioned. In a year's time I met a sister who really had the doctrine and experience of the baptism, and I saw at once that I had

taken the positive side of holiness for this gift. Walking in the light I was not long until I was in possession of this experience.

I do not recall a moment during the past sixteen years, that I have not had a bright witness within. My health failing, and not understanding, even with years of experience, that the enemy could take such advantage of a weakened body, concluded that there must be something wrong with my religious experience. For between two and three years I knew what an "up and down" experience meant, and can heartily sympathize with those who, through a weak body, cast away their confidence. Finally, I got where I understood and trusted in Jesus, no matter how I felt. Praise God for abiding victory.

MRS. D. ANDERSON.

SALVATION AND CALL TO PREACH

On the 23rd day of April, 1873, in the village of Winchester, Ont., I was led to see my lost condition through the sudden death of a young man of my acquaintance. I became much alarmed, fearing I too might be called away suddenly, and be lost forever. I commenced to pray and weep over my sinful life, feeling I was going down to hell, when Jesus came and saved me.

Oh, what a deliverance! "Old things passed away and all things became new." All heaven seemed to come into my soul. I was confident my name was written in the Lamb's book of life. Oh, hallelujah! I at once requested admittance into the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and was accepted.

I became very anxious about my associates, and began to work for their salvation. We organized the first young people's prayer meeting known in that part of the country. It was not long before we had a little band of young men and women who enjoyed salvation, which filled an important part of our church work. I was appointed teacher of a Sabbath school class of boys, and I believed the appointment was made in order that the boys might get saved, and to this end I labored, when one after another were scripturally converted to God.

The love I had for Jesus made it very easy to labor for Him. Being kept busy in soul-saving work, I found avenues opening up to me whereby I could more fully glorify my precious Saviour, and develop my Christian experience.

The time arrived when I heard entire sanctification preached as a separate and distinct work of grace. I felt my need and saw it to be my privilege in the atonement. It did not take me long to get down and repent of the sin of my heart and believe for full deliverance. How I

praised God when He assured me that the work was done, and my heart made clean. Oh, hallelujah! My experience of regeneration was very bright and blessed; but this was the most blessed. Glory! glory! For several days I lived without temptation. It seemed I was living in heaven. Soon the temptations came thick and fast, and for the need of teaching along this line, I thought I must have lost the blessing. I got into darkness for a short time; but I dropped on my knees before God, and He blessed me. My experience brightened up, and I knew Jesus saved me. Praise God!

I met Rev. R. C. Horner for the first time as he was on his way to a tent meeting. I was invited to attend a tent meeting at Chesterville. I did so, and once more the precious blood was applied, and I was in possession of the beautiful land of rest. Oh, glory! How I did appreciate the precious experience, and how I rejoiced and praised God for giving it back to me.

Shortly after, I attended Brother Horner's tent meeting in Matilda, and, under powerful preaching, many were saved, sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost and Fire. I did not understand what the baptism meant for a few days; but soon I realized the importance of it, and feeling my need while others were receiving it, I looked up, and with simple, child-like faith,

said, "Father, you are giving it to others, do not pass me by." Just then the baptism came upon me. It went all through my nature. Some time after I was carried into a dwelling tent. Oh the sight of the lost, and how I longed to save them!

I heard of an aged man living a few miles from the tent. He was considered a terror to the neighborhood. He was so wicked he would order any one out of his house who would dare to speak to him about the salvation of his soul. I never met him, nor did I know where he lived. But God told me to go and preach to him. I hitched up my horse and started, praying as I went, and enquiring where he lived. I drove up to the house, and enquired if Mr. —— was in. The daughter said, "No, father is out in the field." I said, I came to speak to him about his soul. She said, "Oh, I am afraid he will order you off the place." I replied, I'm going; you pray while I go.

When I approached him in the field, with his son, I said to him, I am come to speak to you about your soul's salvation. He gave me a fierce look; and looking him in the eyes, I said, Your earthly pilgrimage is very short and it is time you were preparing for eternity. He dropped his head and said, "Yes; I suppose it is time I was preparing." I said, "Let us get on our knees." He took off his hat and fell on his

knees. After we had prayed together for a few moments, he got on his feet, and, with face shining, said Jesus had saved him. We shook hands, and I bade him good-bye, praising God as I returned.

Some time after I heard from him, that he was true to God, and had joined the Methodist Church.

About this time I secured a position with a wholesale firm as commercial traveler. For seven years, while travelii g over the different provinces of the Dominion, fro.n the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, I improved opportunities of preaching in churches, Salvation Army barracks, jails, dining-rooms of hotels, bar-rooms and corners of streets, with the result of seeing many saved and sanctified. Glory to God in the highest!

On my last trip to British Columbia I was led to believe the Christian ministry would yet be my work. I made it a subject of prayer. One Friday night in the City of Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, I remained on my knees all night before God in prayer; but the matter was not made clear. On Saturday I sailed back to Vancouver. On Sabbath morning I kneeled at my bedside and asked God to make it clear if He wanted me in the Christian ministry. Just then the room was lit up with the glory of God, and a voice said to me, "Go preach my Gospel, and, lo, I am with

you." I said, Amen, Lord, I'll go. A few moments later, there came a rap to my door. On opening, there stood before me a man I had never seen before, to my knowledge. He asked me if my name was Geddes. I said, Yes. He said, "I would like you to address a Sailors' Mission meeting this evening," giving street and number. I thanked hm, and said I will be pleased to do so. At the hour appointed, I found the room well filled, and, after preaching about twenty minutes, and placing a few chairs for a penitent form two men came and knelt at the chairs to be saved. In a very short time they arose to their feet, saying Jesus had saved them. God said to me, "I have given you these souls as a seal to your call to the ministry."

On my return to Ottawa I gave notice of my resignation at the end of my year. I entered the ministry of the Holiness Movement Church in September, 1897. After preaching about three years, I was taken very ill with nervous prostration, and was given up by two doctors. I attended our first Feast of Pentecost on Athens camp ground, where there was a meeting set apart for the healing of the sick. God helped me to get to that meeting. Great inspiration came upon me for healing. When the invitation was given to come around the altar, I went forward with others. Brother E. Smith, who had

charge, anointed my head with oil. That moment the healing power of Jesus went all through my body. I arose to my feet and leaped like a hart and praised God, I was so grateful to get back into God's vineyard again.

Since then, the Lord has wonderfully strengthened my body at different times, after injudiciously working too hard.

My Christian experience is blessed. I am living where the precious blood of Jesus flows over my heart, keeping me clean, and the Pentecostal power comes upon me for service.

During my commercial life, I heard a sermon on tithing. While listening, I decided to adopt the system. That moment God greatly blessed me. I have always experienced a great blessing in tithing.

(REV.) D. GEDDES.

SALVATION, PRESENT AND FULL

I deem it a blood-bought privilege to tell to the world what God hath done for my soul. An experience of salvation is, to me, not a thing of the past; my soul is full at present.

Before I knew anything about the Holiness Movement, while standing in a little Methodist prayer meeting, singing:

"Come every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,"

I was seized with conviction and an intense hunger after God. I knelt at an altar, but found no relief. I went home, entered my room, shut the door, and began to seek God. The hunger kept increasing, and His precious Spirit led unerring. By His help I thoroughly repented of every sin I had ever committed, threw up my arms of rebellion, and the moment I said, "Yes, Lord, here is all," I had the blessing.

Oh, what a change! From hell to heaven; from darkness to light; from cruel oppression to blessed freedom. I was instantly changed without any conscious effort of believing, and the glory filled my soul. I was spoiled for the world, its fashions, its applause. I am spoiled yet.

After some months of soul rest, I felt uprisings in my heart, but knew no remedy, only to pray mightily against them. In coming in contact with the Holiness Movement, I saw my privilege in Christ. The destruction of inbred sin from the heart by a second instantaneous work of grace through the efficacy of the shed blood, was clearly taught. I sought it and found it. The root of sin was destroyed, my heart made pure, and my soul filled with perfect love. I praised God all that night. I am praising Him still. Afterwards God baptized me with the Holy Ghost to

tell to the world these blessed experiences, and declare His power to save.

The language of my heart is: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee. There is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." Amen and amen.

JOSIE TROTTER.

SALVATION AND HEALING

In June of 1905 I was wonderfully delivered from the guilt and power of all my sins. The Spirit bore testimony that I was God's child. I walked in the light I had, and for about seven months was wonderfully blessed. During this time I felt the tendencies of pride, etc., within, and, not knowing that it was my privilege to be cleansed from this evil, I soon began to feel it was gaining advantage over me. I began enquiring for a higher standard. About all the satisfaction I received was to hear it said, "This was the way everyone felt: that for two, three, or, at most, six months, we would be happy, then we had to walk by faith; and that these joyful seasons were only an evidence of our salvation.

These theories, however, did not satisfy the longings in my soul. Though I had so little light, I wanted to be a Christian. I wished

to be separated from the world, and filled with the Spirit.

One Sabbath I asked a few of the sisters to come to my home for a prayer meeting. They promised to come on Tuesday evening. Oh, how I wept and prayed to have the same blessing I had had at the beginning. God did not disappoint me. Thanks be to Jesus, He came in wonderful power and blessing, restoring me to His favor.

About three weeks after, we went to a little chapel where holiness was preached. Oh, how hungry I was to be delivered from the root and seed of all sin. When the altar call was given I was the first to go. Bless the Lord, He came in power. He gave me perfect love and perfect peace. The Holy Spirit wonderfully taught me. My brothers and sisters thought I went too far. Even my mother and sister, who had come to visit me so often, remained away for some years. One evening I felt I could hold out no longer. I went to be alone with God. He showed me the path I must take. It seemed to be up a steep, rocky hill. At times it seemed perfectly straight. Ah! how deep it was below! At last, I stood on the top of the hill. It seemed as if it were impossible for any one to ascend it. The Lord said, "Why, this is the way you went, and if you turn back, you will have to go over the same road!"

I said, "I will not go back." Then the angel of the Lord ministered unto me.

It is so blessed to be alone with God. Many times while praying, I have felt that, like Paul, I was up in the third heavens. At one time I fasted for twenty-one days. I did not eat a mouthful. God poured the Power and Fire of the Holy Ghost upon me. Praise Him!

Since my conversion God has healed all our sicknesses. The first one to be healed was our little girl of sixteen months. She drank poison. She turned black and blue, her eyes were swollen almost out of their sockets. I was alone. I fell on my knees with my little one in my arms. The enemy kept saying, "She is dying; it is too late;" but I still prayed. Then he suggested, "Call the neighbors!" but still I claimed the promise, "Ask and it shall be given you." The perspiration was now running down my cheeks mingled with my tears. Satan said, "It is too late; call a doctor." I took courage and said, "He promised to heal us, and whatsoever we ask in faith believing we shall receive, if 'we keep His commandments, and do those things which are pleasing in His sight.'" I was doing His will as far as I knew. It was a severe struggle, but Glory! Jesus said, "She is healed!" I felt His Spirit going all through me at that moment. Oh, how blessed! It was just

one touch and she was well and happy. My neighbors thought she would get sick again, but I told them, "When Jesus forgave my sins, He forgave all, and that He had made her 'every whit whole.'" Very soon she fell into a peaceful sleep, and slept for two hours.

The Lord healed our seven-year-old boy of diphtheria, while others all around were dying with the same disease. I fasted and prayed and talked to him, and had the witness he would not die. I retired at one o'clock. At a quarter to two I was awakened by my husband saying, "Pray for Harold, he is very sick." I arose and asked him if he would believe that Jesus would heal him, and prayed for him In the twinkling of an eye, he was entirely healed.

He also healed our little three-year-old girl of pneumonia, after being very sick for almost two weeks. She was healed on Saturday morning while we were praying.

The Lord has been our Physician now for almost five years.

Love to all the saints,

MRS. GEO. A. HUNSICKER.

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Psa. 103:3.

GOD'S LOVE TOWARD ME

God's Spirit strove with my heart in my early boyhood days. Often do I remember of my heart being touched at the thought of Jesus and His love. While yet very young, and being left alone for a short time at home, whilst meditating on God's love, my heart was melted to tenderness, my eyes to tears. My mother came in and found me weeping. She inquired the reason. I did not fully know myself, so did not attempt to explain my thoughts. No doubt she attributed it to loneliness, but it was love for Christ. Had I then received help, or had the opportunity of attending spiritual meetings it would have been an easy matter to have led me to Christ. Often I would have similar experiences, but I gradually drifted away from these.

When about eleven years of age my father took me to a revival service a few miles distant, I was much impressed with the sermon. When the altar call was given, I was greatly wrought upon. My father seeing this, came to me, and said, "George, would you not like to give your heart to God?" I said, "Yes." He grasped me by the hand, and led me to the altar. Scarcely had my knees reached the floor until the peace of God flooded my soul. I could sing from the heart—

"I am Thine, Oh, Lord,
I have heard Thy voice," etc.

I loved to tell in private and public what God had done for my soul.

Not knowing it was my privilege to retain this experience, after the revival, I gradually drifted away, but the influence of that experience lingered. My soul still hungered after God.

After some years a gracious revival broke out in a neighboring church. The doctrine of entire sanctification was clearly taught. I went forward to seek this experience. This I did repeatedly.

God showed me that I needed, not entire sanctification, but restoration. There followed a great struggle, for I had become a member of the church.

Finally I yielded, and after making some confessions, God blessed my soul. Some thought I had experienced holiness of heart, but it was only a fitness for seeking it.

All human hindrances being removed I sought earnestly for the blessing of a clean heart. To my surprise, the more earnestly I sought, the darker it grew until I was almost in despair.

After praying until my voice and body were tired one evening, I returned to my home much disheartened. Mother tried to encourage me. I

retired, but could not rest. I wondered why I did not receive the blessing. I had done all I knew to do. Just then a verse came to my mind. It was this—

"Long my yearning heart was trying,
To enojy this perfect rest;
When I gave all trying over,
Simply trusting I was blest."

A voice whispered, "Can't you trust Me NOW?" I said, "Lord, I do trust Thee, and repeated it. In the twinkling of an eye the blessing of God entered my soul. The struggle was over. Peace like a river flooded my heart. My iniquity was taken away and my sin purged. The blood of Jesus purged my heart. Wave after wave, billow after billow, surged through my soul until I went to sleep.

Next morning early, I went downstairs with my soul aglow. I said, "Mother, what do you think happened last night?" She said, "Something good." I said 'The old man groaned his last." We rejoiced together.

Time and space will not permit me to tell of all God's dealings with me; His wondrous leadings; the outpourings of His Spirit; call to preach the Gospel; the various experiences through which the Lord has led me; of battles fought and

victories won. Suffice it to say, I still love the narrow road. I feel like going on.

Yours, at His feet,

G. A. CHRISTIE.

FOUND AT LAST

From my earliest recollection I always desired to be a Christian. Years afterwards, when I received the blessing of entire sanctification, I could truly say:

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

It was not until I was nineteen years of age, in services conducted by Rev. Dr. Chown, that I repented of my sins and found forgiveness.

Being ignorant of the sin of my heart, I was often cast down, thinking I had sinned. Not having much, if any, help from a proud, worldly church, I was often in trouble about my soul.

About the year 1893, a lady evangelist came to Kemptville, and I saw in her a true example of godliness. On the 29th of March, 1894, God sanctified me. I was so overwhelmed with the love and goodness of God, that for days I could not take necessary food. I proved that God

will do "exceeding, abundantly above all we ask or think."

How my eyes were opened to see the state of those around me. But God kept me true. I loved the praise of God more than the praise of men, or than life itself.

On the 23rd of June, 1907, at a camp meeting held in Chesterville, God touched my body with His healing power.

God led me to see that I lacked power for service, and during a convention in Queen's Hall, in the City of Ottawa, my soul was led out in strong desire; but, through lack of appropriating faith, I came home without the blessing; but the earnest of the Spirit was still with me.

On April the 20th, I was enabled to lay hold of the promise, and God came upon me in Pentecostal fulness. I received the whole armour to work for God and souls wherever my lot might be cast.

Your sister at Jesus' feet,

MRS. W. A. SPOTTSWOOD.

"Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one pie , doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?" Luke 15:8.

THE CRUSE OF OIL

For the glory of God would I relate a part of my spiritual experience, with the earnest hope that it may lead some one to the wounded side of the world's Redeemer.

Brought up in a home of prayer, under holy influences and parental control, I soon learned that sin was abomination in the sight of God.

Early in life my heart began to cry out after Jesus, but the deceitfulness of sin kept it closed and barred.

When about seventeen, I attended a revival, professed to love God, joined the church, took an active part in League, Sunday school and choir; but found, to my dissatisfaction, I knew not God.

How well do I remember after one day of endeavoring, I said, "It's no use, I never can be a Christian." Many times my heart cried out, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him."

God sent a Holy Ghost revival. Many entered the experience of justification and entire sanctification, my father and brother being of the number. I became hungry, but Satan, through the love of the world, kept me traveling downward.

My love for dress and worldliness increased. My proud heart stirred itself against the plain way, and, when urged to seek God, I said, "I'll

never dress like those plain pilgrims." My sainted father prayed on, tears flowed, prayers prevailed, and finally I was won.

The convention in Ottawa followed in due time. I went in my pride and style, to come away disgusted with the noise and blessing that fell, saying, I'll never go back—such fanaticism. When all alone in my room the Spirit began to talk; I could not hear Him while anger was tossing the bark, but in quietness God spoke. I knelt to pray (my custom) and the feeling surged my soul, "If you should die to-night, what would become of your soul?" Hell began to appear; my profession of religion vanished; I saw my danger, and prayed, "Oh, God, save me! If only you will spare my life, I will go to meeting and get saved!" Three times I prayed, "Oh, God, I'll do anything; I'll give up anything; I'll follow all the way, if only you will save me." Momentary relief came, and I slept, but with the light of the morning, all the promises I had made to God came before me. It was not spasmodic, but settled heaven-born conviction.

January 3rd, 1894, I wended my way to the Mission Hall, Ottawa, with a determination to seek Jesus. I can remember nothing of the sermon, but the singing, "Come ye sinners, poor and wretched," created a hunger in my breast. How I longed to go; but was held in my seat by

some wicked spirit. The enemy tempted me to go home. I said to myself, "I cannot; I shall go to hell if I do." The last verse was sung. Hell was pulling me down. The thought came, "If they will only sing that last verse again, I will go." Surely God inspired the preacher, when he said, "We'll sing that last verse over again, it may be some one here has promised God they would give Him their heart to-night. With that I started to the altar, and in a few moments I knew my sins were all forgiven, and went home, born of the Spirit. How I praise God for that heaven-born conviction, repentance and forgiveness.

The first thing I did when home was to take the feathers from my hat and put them in the stove. I then took the curls from my hair, rings from my fingers, gold brooch and chain in like manner; I took the pilgrim road, donned the pilgrim dress, never to go back to the ways of sin. Hallelujah!

Soon after this, in my simplicity, I professed the experience of entire sanctification. Under the searching truths, at times, I would wonder if I had the experience, sometimes feeling fear and anger, though I had power over them. These I mistook for temptation and in my ignorance of the magnitude of holiness of heart, went on professing the experience. For nearly a year I

travelled this way. At last the light broke in; God triumphed, and I saw where I stood. I had never yet known the experience of salvation from all inward sin. Oh, the glimpse God gave me of my unsanctified heart, its exceeding sinfulness. I cried; I sought; I confessed and sobbed it out. Well do I remember the last day. Every moment there was a prayer for deliverance. I could not work. I needed God most. Eventime came, and I went to a service at Billings Bridge, Ont. The invitation was given to seek holiness. I ran to the altar. How I hated and repented of the inbred sin; my tears and prayers were mingled. One brother said, "Sister, don't look at the blackness," yet I could see nothing else. I was so earnest that if all had left, I was there to find deliverance. Praise God, there came a moment when I could see more than blackness. I could see the remedy, the cleansing blood flowing from Jesus' side for me. Quickly my faith appropriated it. In a moment sin was eliminated, purged, destroyed, and I was created anew in righteousness and true holiness. The witness was as clear as heaven. All within was stamped purity, holiness and heaven. I was perfectly free. Complete salvation had reached even me. I longed for every one to get it.

During this time the call of God came to me to preach the Gospel. From the moment I

was converted I had said, "Yes," from my heart; now it was to be tested. There was no rebellion. The call was so clear; it rang in the night seasons, and in everything I laid my hands unto. In June of the year 1895, I left home and friends to follow Jesus. After fifteen years of service, I can truthfully say, I know not what it is to doubt my call to preach. Through storms and billows, conflicts and victories, Jesus has been near.

There came a time when I felt God, in His mercy was about to pour on me the enduement of power. In the year 1903, He poured upon me the baptism of the Holy Ghost. For two days I waited in unbroken communion. Test after test came. Would I preach it as the glorious privilege of all God's pure saints? Would I be true in hard places to this gift, and not waver when all hell would oppose? Africa's sands, or Greenland's snows, would it be all the same? It was a real heartfelt "Yes." I could not ask God for it any more. The *earnest* was upon me. I felt I could get it in a moment. The heavens were full of power and Fire, and God shed it forth upon me. Never was anything clearer. I could say by heartfelt experience, He crowns me with living Fire; the unction of the Holy One is upon me for service. Years have come and gone since these gracious showers came first upon me, and still I can say, this beautiful, unvarnished way

of the cross is very beautiful to me. Victory rings through my soul. The battle rages, but the old-time religion stands every test. It's a safeguard against formalism, deadness, hypocrisy, backsliding and the popule. ·ay.

EVANGELIST E. RUSSELL.

CHRIST, ALL IN ALL

That the name of the Lord might be magnified, and that all honor and praise might be rendered to the One who is worthy, I feel like sounding His praises and telling what the Lord has done for my soul.

Nearly two and a half years ago my name was enrolled in the Book of Life. God still keeps me, and owns me for His child, yet so unworthy. He is all and in all to my soul. My lips are filled with praises and I sing a new song.

I thank God that He ever showed me the folly of adorning myself with the jewels of this world. I treasure the most precious Jewel, "The Pearl of Great Price."

I find blessed satisfaction in Jesus. I feel that all is on the altar, and God sanctifies the gift. I am happy in the Lord. Storms are raging without, but peace reigns within. He en-

courages me to press ahead and He lifts me up as on eagle's wings to things above. False teachers and prophets have endeavored to lead me in by-paths, to quiet me down, to lessen my zeal for God, to denounce me as deluded; but glory to God, His light shines all around me and over me. I feel I am in the straight, narrow way. I love Jesus with all my soul, mind and strength, and my neighbor as myself. By the grace of God I mean to adorn the doctrines of my Lord and Saviour. I find perfect liberty in the Gospel, and He gives me grace daily to walk with Him and keep His commandments. My heart is running over with His love. I long to keep humble where I can always show forth that "Charity which never faileth." I pray for wisdom, understanding and judgment that I might be an instrument in God's hands to lead precious souls to His bleeding side; that I might deal faithfully with every soul and thus clear my skirts of their blood. These days find me learning wonderful lessons at Jesus' feet.

Yours, in the battle for God and souls,

MYRTLE M. MORRIS.

"Whose adorning let not be that outward adorning of plaiting of the hair, and of wearing of gold," etc. 1 Peter 3:3.

CONVICTION AND CONVERSION

I was soundly converted in the year 1868, and joined the Evangelical Church in Emans, Lehigh Co., Penn. Shortly afterward, in my own home, I was sanctified wholly. I was kept clean for a whole year. I was the first of a large family, and had much opposition. At last I gave way under it, though I had retained this blessed experience about three years, even in the midst of persecution.

For seven years I lived a wandering wilderness life, making no profession. Many times the Lord talked very plainly to me, so that I could not rest day nor night until I returned to Him. It was not until then that I found out how far I had wandered from the Father's house. Oh, how I trembled when the Lord opened my blinded eyes. This was increased by the death of neighbors and relatives, together with accidents which had cost some their lives.

One evening, I begged my unconverted husband to go to town with me to find some one to pray for me. I shook like a leaf, well knowing that it was the Holy Spirit striving with me. I pleaded with God to let conviction come upon me. I was glad to come back again, and I wanted the Holy Ghost to help me. I said, "Oh, Lord, let conviction come! Oh, who will pray for me?

Where shall I go? If I die, I'll be lost forever!"

Next evening, he went with me to town, and I went to find some one to pray for me. I felt I could not live; nor could I die. I said to the people I found, "I've come, and want you to pray for me." My husband stayed in the store until I came back again. The people prayed for me; but I was not satisfied; nor could I be until I was as clear in my experience as I had been before.

The enemy told me I would never enjoy the smile of God as I had done the first time. I know better now.

After having separated myself from the world, and had been regenerated, I went up to possess the promised land. I died to sin, possessed my inheritance in Canaan; and have lived there ever since. Oh, what a change! How like heaven! My sanctification was very clear. It was truly a day of Pentecost when the power of the Holy Ghost fell upon me.

God is in my heart, and I am very happy. I have a holy inner quietness, a blessed assurance, and a settled peace. I always live on the sunny side of every sorrow, and on the triumphant side of every trial. My latter days are my best. I gave all, and have received all. I lost my life, but have found the abundant life. I am now sixty, and I am very happy.

I also know something about the fiery furnace.

I understand the Book of Job. I understand Madam Guyon. I am happy through it all. Jesus has the reins. The Lord has done much for me. I have no regrets. I have done the best I could. The blood of Jesus cleanseth me now. I am under the life-giving flow. I would rather die than break my communion with God. I feel now as if I were only ready to live.

Your sister, in hope of eternal glory,

MRS. MARY A. BACKENSTOE.

ABUNDANTLY SATISFIED

To God's glory, I bear testimony. Sin was always a burden to me. From my earliest recollection, I wanted to do right. In every revival service that was held in or near our home, I sought God, and many times, in childhood, He blessed my soul. Alas! how many times I strayed from Him.

When eighten years of age, I plainly saw that unless I forever abandoned sin, my soul would be eternally lost. On the eleventh day of July, 1895, I cast my all at the Saviour's feet, and the joys of His salvation came to my soul. I always praise God for that cottage prayer meeting. No evangelist or preacher was there; but God was there to save me.

I soon found that while I had victory, there still remained the root of sin in my nature. I saw it my privilege to be cleansed from all sin, and on the evening of the twenty-seventh of August, A.D. 1895, in Brother Dalzell's home, at a prayer meeting, the blood was applied to my soul. Sin was destroyed, and Jesus made me "every whit whole."

Oh, how the blessing came; wave after wave of glory swept over my enraptured soul, until my physical strength and powers were completely suspended and I lay prostrate under the mighty deluge.

On the twenty-eighth day of June, 1897, I received the Pentecostal enduement, the Divine equipment of power—that which was prophesied by the prophet Joel, was given to me. My eyes were opened to see the lost. What a sight! It has never left me.

These blessings and experiences are very real to me at this hour. I love the thickest of the fight. I have but one longing, and that to see lost souls brought to the Saviour's feet.

Yours, in the fulness,

(REV.) M. C. PRITCHARD.

"Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." Psa. 23:5.

DELIVERANCE

I was convicted of sin at the age of sixteen years, though not attending any religious services at the time. So deep were my convictions that I walked eighteen miles to hear a sermon, at the end of which I made up my mind to have a talk with the minister; but to my surprise, he turned from me, not wanting to converse with me. This did not stop me. I met a clergyman of another denomination in my native town. He also gave me the cold shoulder. I thought there must be no salvation for me. I then started to drink. Drink took such a hold of me that I sold my hat and mits in order to satisfy my craving. By this time I did not wish to hear religion mentioned.

Later on, the Rev. Jacob Freshman, a converted Jew, an ordained minister of the Methodist Church, came to Perth, preaching in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. I was again convicted, went forward, and for twenty-one days I sought the Lord day and night with tears.

I knew nothing about the Bible, nor could I read it. My father and mother, brothers and companions had to be forsaken, my whiskey must go. I felt I could give up everything, and God gave me the blessing. I knew He saved me. Bless His name forever! The joy I found could

never be told. That was the greatest event of my life.

Rev. Mr. Freshman preached the second blessing, but I had all I could contain, and did not then see my need of a second work of grace. I have since praised God that neither of those preachers took the trouble to talk with me, lest I should have been persuaded to adopt the same kind of religion they manifested. It would never have carried me through the fiery trials.

For fourteen years I fought against inbred sin. In 1891 I heard Evangelists Birdsall and Mason preach a second work of grace. God showed me that sin remained in my heart as a disease, but did not reign. One night I retired to my room, and fell on my knees before God, and remained in that attitude for three hours. God spoke to me. I felt that He had destroyed all the inherited depravity of my nature. Shortly after this the Holy Ghost fell upon me. He came swifter than the swiftest flash of lightning. I knew I was anointed with the Holy Ghost.

Yours in the fulness,

ROBERT MOORE.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." Prov. 4:23.

THE HEALING TOUCH

I would feel that I was ungrateful to God, and doing an injustice to my fellow-creatures if I did not tell to the world what God has done for me.

Very early in life I heard God calling me; but did not fully realize that it was He.

I was taken into the Methodist Church when very young, but did not receive a satisfactory experience, though I always hungered after God.

In the year 1890, I had the privilege of hearing Rev. R. C. Horner preach in Inkerman on "The fulness of the blessing of the Gospel in Christ." God came in such power that I was enabled to cast my all at Jesus' feet, and find His pardoning mercy. He also took away my inbred sin and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and Fire. Oh! how my soul rejoiced, yea, and does rejoice this moment, in a sin-pardoning God. From that time until the present, my will has been wholly lost in the will of my God. I have also had many blessed manifestations of His presence and revelations of His glory, when I have talked with Him face to face, not knowing whether I was in the body or not. But the most remarkable was, when I was healed on the tenth day of December, 1900. I had been sick a long time with heart trouble, and the doctor said I could not be cured. I had been in my bed many

weeks, and felt the end was drawing near. The doctor's last words, as he left me for the last time, were, "Don't lift her off the pillow, or it will be instant death!" My heart was pressing on my lung and giving me great distress. I lay for weeks on my left side, not being able to be moved; but, oh, I was so happy and blessed. How I praised God for the opportunities I had of witnessing for Him, and showing His power to keep under such great afflictions. He kept me always on the mountain top without a doubt or shadow, but a rainbow of glory encircled me, and, no matter how this body suffered, or how often I fainted (which I frequently did), I always heard the music of heaven like the sound of mighty rushing water, and oftentimes the heavenly host drew so near I could hear the words they sang, and would tell it to all around me.

This lasted for some weeks, when mortification set in; I felt numb and cold; but no more pain. The things of earth began to recede, and the faces of my loved ones grew dim, and their voices seemed far away; but heaven was so near. I was so full of glory I had to keep saying, Glory! with every few breaths, the presence of God was so great within my soul. I told them where to find my grave clothes, and was just gone, when, as quick as a flash of lightning, God touched my body and I was perfectly healed.

God comforted me and lovingly whispered, "Heaven will keep!" I arose instantly, bathed and dressed myself, and ate a hearty supper; (I had not been able to eat a mouthful for many days), and it did really seem nice to be out of suffering, and to get a good sleep; but I confess I did feel a little disappointed at not going home. It is strange I had never thought of being healed.

I was healed on Sabbath evening, about eight o'clock, and the house was full of people, who would, no doubt, be willing to witness to what I have written. This occurred in the village of Inkerman, Ont., on the tenth of December, 1900. My doctor was more than surprised when he heard it; and has often asked me about my health since. I can say to the glory of God, I have never had the slightest symptom of the trouble since. While I write I feel God anointing me with fresh oil. Glory to His name!

Yours, in Jesus,

CATHARINE D. JOHNSTON.

"Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour." Matt. 8:13.

CHRIST'S POWER TO SAVE AND HEAL

On August the 17th, 1877, at the age of nineteen years, God for Christ's sake pardoned all my sins. Though a member of the Church of England, I attended a Methodist revival, under the leadership of Rev. John Davies, on Lunenburg circuit. I became convicted, and could scarcely eat or sleep. I asked God to convert my soul. It came to me, would I take off a certain article of dress. At first, in my ignorance, I did not know that it was of God. I held on to it, but found no relief. At last I said, "If it is of Thee, Lord, I will take it off as soon as I go home," and He blessed me there. Everything seemed changed, but the change was all in myself.

My three sisters, and some in another family were converted in the same meetings, all members of the English Church. One of the members sent a telegram to the clergyman to come back immediately, that some of his flock were going over to the Methodists. He came and said to my father, "I am sorry that this excitement over here in the church has been the means of drawing your daughter away from the faith." "Well," said father, "she can pray now without a book, what some preachers cannot do."

I told him I was glad I knew it was more than excitement. Praise God!

Affliction came. I was sick for ten years. While lying in the hospital as the result of an operation, I was very happy. They told me I would need two more operations. To think of another operation was impossible. As I read God's Word on healing, and the experience of Lieutenant Hayes, of the Salvation Army, and others, I became deply convicted for healing.

On the 23rd day of June, 1892, God wonderfully healed me of floating kidney. I was greatly blessed while doing the will of God, and telling others of Jesus' power to save and heal.

In October of the same year, in meetings in the Methodist Church, conducted by Rev Mr. Blair, assisted by Rev. Mr. McKerr, Sisters Reynolds and Judd, I heard holiness preached as a second work of grace for the first time to my knowledge. For a few days I thought I had it, I was enjoying so much of God. Then I saw I had not sought it definitely. I determined to have it at any cost. Repentance became deep. When I saw my depraved heart, I loathed myself and cried, "My God, give me holiness that I can never doubt, and do not let me drop into hell!" While alone with God, my faith grasped the promise given (1 John 1:9), "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." I said, "Jesus, I trust Thee to make me holy

now." The work was done that moment. I knew the blood cleansed me from all sin. Oh, the perfect trust and peace that filled my soul; it was indescribable, and the blessings which followed! They were poured out copiously upon my soul. Glory to God!

I heard of the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire, and realized how I needed all the armor to be able to stand and work for God. "Jesus, I want it for Thy glory," was my prayer. I knew it would be given. I had been expecting it all day. When the first hymn was given out in the meeting that night, it fell on me. Glory! glory!

I loved to tell of those blessings, and thought professing Christians would be delighted to hear that they, too, could have holiness; but, to my surprise, most of them fought against it, and told me, with a few others that had it, we had to stop shouting or get out. We could not do the former, so we came out.

My husband was in Manitoba at the time I received the above-mentioned blessings. I got so burdened for his salvation that I cried night and day to God in his behalf. He heard, and gave me the evidence of his salvation. He was home one month when he sought Jesus. To God be all the glory!

I feel that the above-mentioned blessings in

this year, was the result of our bringing all the tithes into the storehouse.

During the year of 1906 I was very much afflicted with nervous chills and sick headaches. I had to take medicine to enable me to sleep. I went to Chesterville camp meeting, but could not enjoy the meetings, as I had to stay out of them, especially at night, as I could not sleep. A sister told Brother Weston, who has the gift of healing. He came to the cottage, and, with some others, prayed. He laid his hand on my head. Jesus spake the word, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." (Exodus 16:26). The work was done. Hallelujah! I attended three meetings and part of the fourth that day, and felt well at the close. I rested well all night. I have not had any occasion for medicine since.

By looking to Jesus, He supplies all my need. I was healed on June 23rd, 1907. I was much humbled when I saw that it was just fifteen years to the very day since the Lord had healed me before. I could not help thinking of Hezekiah, how the Lord heard his prayer and added fifteen years to his life. Oh, the wonderful love and mercy of God.

Jesus is all and in all to your unworthy sister

MRS. E. R WATSON.

A CHILD OF A KING

Praise God! I'm a child of the King.

This is just where I love to be, ever since God saved me, I want to be in the prayer meeting. I know it's a fight, but, thank God, I'm a soldier of the cross, and intend to fight on.

God has done great things for me. Bless Him! I expect He will do greater. I believe He will save my family. The precious blood is flowing over my heart just now. Glory to Jesus!

MRS. SHIRLEY.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD

From a child I hungered after a clean heart, but had no one to lead me into the blessing.

About twenty years ago light came in answer to prayer, and I commenced to walk in it God answered my prayer and converted me.

After this I was reading that a converted soul possessed Christ, and a wholly sanctified soul was possessed by Him. I said, "Lord, that is what I want," and dropping on my knees began to pray from the depths of my hungry soul for the blessing. God gave me a perfect deliverance from fear or anything else that would hinder me in running the race that was set before me. I was

free and could shout His praise without any hindrances. Bless His dear name!

I still have the witness that I am clean, and that it is the blood of Jesus Christ that keeps me clean.

I have come through trials, clouds have darkened the sky, but God has shown His smiling face and led me safely through. He has made the crooked places straight, and the rough places smooth. Bless His dear name!

I sought the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire in a meeting that was held on Queen's Line. Rev. R. C. Horner came in and asked me if I was seeking it. I said, "Yes." God had promised me if I went to the meeting He would give it to me. I went in faith, and He gave it to me. It abides, comforting and inspiring me in all my labor of love for the Master's sake.

MRS. JOHN CURRY.

A BOY'S TESTIMONY

I praise God because He saves and sanctifies my soul. He saved me two years ago in a revival service, and sanctified me in a children's meeting at Stittsville camp meeting in 1911. I praise Him because He still keeps me under the shadow of His Almighty wing. Praise His name!

BASIL SMITH

N.B.—Basil is now eleven years old.

A LIVING EPISTLE

To magnify the mercy of God in lifting me from the pit of sin, and allowing me to tell the story of redeeming love, I write the following:

I was brought up in a Christian home and was a strict attendant at all the means of grace. I remember what joy thrilled my whole being, when but a child I arose, in the old-fashioned class-meeting, to tell that I loved Jesus, because He first loved me. I always felt when I sat down that I loved Him more than I did when I arose.

At the age of ten, I went out publicly to the penitent form. My mother thought I should go out, if perhaps I might influence my cousins to go with me. We went, and, while bowing humbly before God, I caught a glimpse of my own unregenerate heart. I cried to Him who saved the chief of sinners, believing that He would wash away all my sins. Great peace filled my soul—joy, assurance, and heaven came down. I was His child, God was my Father, the Holy Ghost attested that I was a new creature. I covenanted, there and then, that my life should be entirely devoted to Him. I felt the covenant was sealed by His blood.

As I grew up many things took my attention, but the sweetest place to my soul was the Sunday morning class meeting, when my father used to explain the Scripture. Nothing melted my

young heart like my father's prayers and loving entreaties.

Years rolled on, but I felt the vow was passed beyond repeal. I was always glad when there was a revival meeting, so I could humble myself at Jesus' feet and search to find if there was anything more I could consecrate to God. I longed to serve Him, without fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of my life. Many times God so blessed my soul that I thought I must have perfect love, but was disappointed to find fear still remaining. I shall ever praise God for Holy Ghost teaching on the depravity of the natural heart and the way into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. My inbred foe was uncovered. Pride and jealousy were *bigger* than fear. I loathed myself. I felt willing to humble myself in any way to have a pure heart. Pride struggled hard to gain the supremacy. He pointed me to the preacher's wife. I had heard no teaching on plainness of dress, but thought the preacher's wife ought to be a model. Why, then, should I not dress as she did? The Lord said, "I want you for my own peculiar child. Follow Me." I felt the tender arms of Jesus drawing me to His great heart of love. I wanted to say, "Yes." I did say it, as test after test came to me. The hidden rootlets seemed to cling fast, but a "Yes" from the bottom of my soul, and the work was

done. I could lift up holy hands, my head was up, and the glory and power of God surged through my soul. Clean! I knew I was clean, every whit clean. Fear and pride and jealousy were all gone. Blessed fountain of cleansing! Shout, I had to; tell it, I did.

We had some distance to drive a dark, rainy night; but the way was not dark to me. It was as if a beautiful light shone all around so that I could see the road distinctly, though my brother could not see it. For days I could scarcely reply to any question, for the glad hallelujahs choked me, and would bubble forth. I could not understand it at all, but it was heavenly. The words Holiness, Entire Sanctification, and Perfect Love were sweet to me. I had the language of Canaan.

Views of the whitened harvest fields often came before me. The compassion of Jesus for the sheep who were going astray without any shepherd, used to melt my heart. I told the Lord I would go if He opened the way for me to get back to school. Many, many times I said, "Lord, I don't know anything, but open my way and I will go." Rather unexpectedly, there was an opening for me to resume my studies at the Iroquois High School. My parents wanted me to take up music, but the call came on me. My prayer was answered. My beloved brother Asa

and I attended school together, and began teaching the same year. My school was some distance from a place of worship, so, aside from the Sabbath School, which we organized, I had ample time for prayer and reading. At such times, my eyes were fountains of tears for the heathen. I knew God's hand was on me to go to the darkened lands. I attended a Holiness convention at Winchester. There was a sermon on prayer—"As soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children." God put the spirit of prayer and supplication upon me, until I felt "The world must be conquered for Christ." I saw my littleness and how little I was accomplishing. My whole soul melted at His presence. Then the voice came, "Will you go?" "Yes," was the response. "Will you go, now?" The responsibility—home, friends, and all came before me. It seemed as if the whole world was crushing me to the earth. I felt I should die under the burden; but what could I do? The voice said, "Go, and tell Brother Horner your call." It was a heavy cross, but heavier was the weight resting upon me.

I went home, but had to wait until after supper was over to unburden my heart. It seemed so like presumption for me to tell him I felt I must offer myself for the work of the Lord. I told him about my call, but said, "Perhaps it is only a test. You won't offend me if you don't think I

am fit for the work." He told me the need was great, and there would be a place for me. I could not understand why I should have to offer myself for evangelistic work in the homeland, when there was a call on me for the foreign field. He said this would be the best preparation for it I could have. The whol mountain rolled off my back, and I knew I was in divine order.

The next day, March 1st, 1895, the Lord crowned me with Fire and Power. The Holy Ghost baptism fell on me, while I was on my way to the altar. I felt I was clothed upon from heaven. I could compare it to nothing more fitting than *Samson* strength. I felt if they bind me with cords, or try to hinder my going I'll burst every bond. Go, I must. I can't do anything else. In a remarkable way God went before me. Truly, He goeth before and maketh the crooked places straight; He breaketh in pieces the gates of brass and cutteth in sunder the bars of iron.

While God put the burden on me, He was dealing with father, so that when I told him of my call to preach the everlasting Gospel of Jesus, he was perfectly satisfied.

After laboring in the homeland for five years, the welcome news came for me to sail for Africa's shore. I felt like a bird set free. I could not shed a tear in bidding farewell to father, mother, brothers and sisters. I felt perfectly at home in

the land of Pharoah. I was blessed in ministering to the Egyptians, whether in school work, house-to-house visitation, or the public ministry of the Word. God helped me to glean a few precious souls, some of whom are safely housed above the fire. I expect God will give me a few more years to spend in His service. "My times are in His hand."

CORA IVA VANCAMP,
(Missionary.)

INTO LIGHT AND LIBERTY

God convicted me of sin nine years ago. When I saw my true standing before God I became very much alarmed. I had formed so many bad habits and had tried to break away from them so often, and had failed, I thought I was too wicked to be saved from sin. My past life came up before me. God brought things to my remembrance that I had forgotten. My friends and neighbors were getting converted and praising God, but I could do nothing but weep. But, praise God, from the time His Spirit began to operate on my heart and mind, He never left me until He led me out into light and liberty.

I went to a convention at Ramsayville. Rev. Nicholas Scharf preached from Matthew 4:17.

The Spirit of God accompanied the Word with power to my heart, and I knew not how to pray. God heard my cry and pardoned my sin. It was so clear to me, I thought every one should know that I was converted. Oh, glory! What God did for me that night I never expect to get over.

WM. ATCHISON.

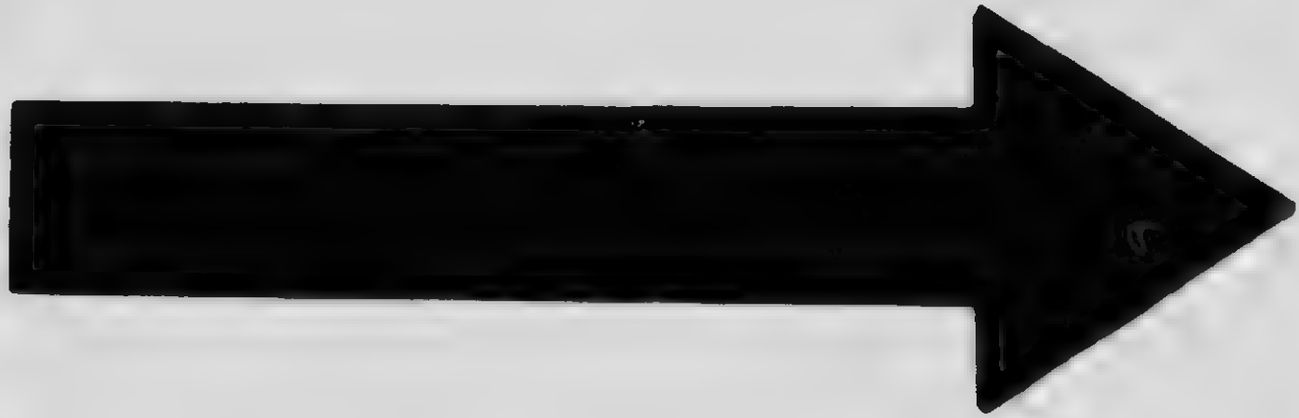
ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICES

In the summer of 1891 the Lord got hold on me with such conviction that I began to seek religion.

Not knowing that Christ died for me, I began to read the Bible. I could find nothing but sacrifices and offerings for my sins. I made up my mind that I would offer one. Having but one cow of my own, I thought I would offer her, so the next day was to be the day I was to get rid of my sins. I went to bed and slept well.

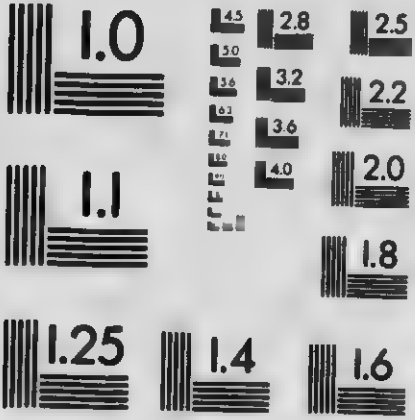
When going to the barn the next morning, I stopped on a knoll to have prayer. I saw that the sacrifice was offered, and I accepted it through repentance and faith, and the glory came filling my soul. What rest and faith! What peace! What joy!

While going on rejoicing and doing the will of God in all things, I heard that the blood of Jesus could save from all sin and sanctify wholly.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

After a far deeper conviction than before justification, and a deeper repentance, I experienced a total death to sin, and a full renewal in the love and image of God. Oh, glory! Such a fulness! Such a oneness with God and all His people! Such love for my enemies!

A few weeks after, hearing of the baptism of power, I looked to Jesus, and He sent it upon me. Bless His name! It stands the test. It never fails. The winds blow, the storms beat, the ocean roars, yet the anchor holds.

"Now abideth faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these is charity."

(REV.) HARVEY PERRY.

THE HUNGRY SATISFIED

At the age of fifteen, my heart began to yearn after God and His salvation. I began taking up church work, thinking this would satisfy the craving of my heart, but the hunger became more intense, until two years later, when God, by His Spirit, led me to a prayer meeting held at six o'clock in the morning, in the chapel on Bronson avenue, Ottawa. There I met those who experienced old-time religion. From that hour conviction deepened in my soul, and at the end of nine months, I laid down my arms of rebellion,

and, with a broken heart, cried, "Oh, God, save me for Jesus' sake." The burden of sin rolled away; the darkness disappeared, and the glorious light of heaven burst into my soul. I sprang to my feet praising God for deliverance. I knew I was adopted into His kingdom. Oh, how He poured His blessing upon me. My heart cried, "Take the world, but give me Jesus." Its pleasures and fashions were nothing to me then.

God laid the burden of lost souls upon me, and said, "Go and win them for Me." I said, No. The joy and peace departed from my soul, and truly I found the way of the transgressor hard.

When I repented of my disobedience on the eleventh day of August, 1903, I found the arms of the Saviour were open to receive the wanderer home. Oh, the rapture of redeeming love as once more I stepped into the fold.

Kneeling in my room on the 18th day of the same month, I sought and found the experience of entire sanctification. Every root and seed of sin was destroyed and holiness was stamped upon my heart. Hallelujah!

Ten days later, on reaching my field of labor, Jesus poured the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire upon me. Oh, the blessed equipment for soul-winning.

MARGARET H. CASTLE.

A SACRIFICE OF PRAISE

A little over five years ago, God, for Christ's sake, pardoned all my sins.

There had been quite an extensive revival twenty-five miles west of my home at Melfort, Sask. Some of my sisters were converted.

Having found the Pearl of Great Price themselves, they earnestly desired to see others made partakers of the same blessing. This passion to see souls saved, led them to invite the revivalist to the village of Tisdale, near our home. The invitation was accepted, and according to arrangements, meetings were opened, and souls began to get saved. At that time I was fifteen miles from home.

The news of some of my associates being saved soon reached my ears, causing me to be anxious and curious to witness the scenes of which I heard so much. I with a number of my companions were soon on the scene, where the Spirit of God was mightily manifest.

The first night, under the influence of Holy Ghost preaching, brought my proud heart to see its blackness. I humbly bowed at the altar of prayer as a seeker of pardon.

Early the next morning found me again on my way to work, where I spent the next two or

three days under the deepest and most heart-searching conviction.

I saw myself as the most selfish creature imaginable. I walked along the road weeping, feeling miserable under my awful load of sin.

I was so much exercised in my mind on the subject of salvation that my strength began to fail me, so much so, that I traded work with my brother, because his was easier. When I thought no one saw me, I would kneel and pray behind the spruce tops.

Saturday night found me again at meeting with the determination to get saved. As soon as the altar call was given, I went to the front, and there I wept and prayed until God spoke peace to my soul. Oh, how sweet the peace that then came to me and flo i my whole soul. The rest from the load of sin was wonderful indeed. In a moment my tears ceased, and I could sing the praises of God with a joyful heart.

As I continued to walk in the light, God showed me there was still a deeper work of grace for me. Though my soul was basking in the sunshine of heaven, yet, at times, I felt the stirrings of the "carnal mind" within. I cried mightily to God to remove this old man of sin

The second time He spoke clearly and distinctly to my soul, and through faith in the pro-

cious blood of Jesus, I received a clean heart. Glory! glory!

I had peace before; but now I had perfect peace. Not a ruffle of the peaceful calm within my soul. I was so happy I wondered how I could be more so in heaven.

To-day, as I pen these few lines, I feel the sweetness of heaven filling my heart. At times wave after wave of the melting love of Jesus flows over my soul till I can do nothing but weep for joy at His feet. Hallelujah! Oh, precious Jesus, how my entire being craves Thy presence every moment!

After I had left the farm, loved ones and all that was dear to me by the ties of nature, to go and minister in holy things, and to lead the lost to Jesus, I felt my need of special equipment for the work. In this God also gave me the desire of my heart, and poured out the "gift of the Holy Ghost" in mighty effusions upon my soul. Hallelujah! It was clear and distinct from the first two experiences. God poured it down into my soul in torrents. My heart is on fire with the love of God. Praise Him!

The best of all is, God pours it on afresh while I write. Since I commenced to pen these few lines, God has filled my heart unutterably full. Hallelujah!

(REV.) J. B. PRING.

ABIDING IN VICTORY

It is sixteen years since God revealed Himself in saving power to my heart.

In my youth I was a constant attendant at Church and Sabbath School. At the age of fourteen I was confirmed. I was also a member of the choir. I did not know my sins forgiven until sixteen years ago, while attending cottage meetings out in the prairie province of Manitoba. God saved me and wonderfully blessed my soul. I did not retain this blessing.

Seven years ago last February, whilst alone on the farm, I began to feel very uneasy. This uneasiness increased until it became unbearable. I wept, prayed and read the long neglected Word of God. My soul was hungry. One day I thought, anything would be better than this.

It began to dawn upon me that this was conviction and that God was dealing with my soul. I lost interest in everything around me. I prayed everywhere, until I came to the end of myself. I had truly repented of all my sins, but had still to believe that God would save even me.

The victory came whist listening to a discourse from the Presbyterian minister stationed at Crystal City, in which he plainly pictured the workings of the Holy Spirit on the convicted soul. I felt it was for me, as that was my experience

of the past week. Then and there my whole heart went out to God, and He saved my soul. The burden was gone. I became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Three months later I attended a Feast of Pentecost at Aberdeen on Sabbath. I left at night with a deep hunger in my soul for more of God. I returned the following Thursday still hungering. Before I left that meeting God had cleansed my heart from all the inbeing of sin. Praise Him forevermore!

Friday was the last day of the Feast. The place was sacred to me. I was there with one purpose—Power. It came upon me. Glory to God! The hymns, the prayers and the final exhortations were freighted from heaven.

Two months later I attended my first camp meeting (that is to leave all and camp out), at Killarney. There, whilst pleading with God to save my sister, I got desperate. The question came to me, "Would you be willing to go anywhere for Me?" I said, "Yes, Lord." Soon after God gave me the witness that my sister would be saved. This was after midnight. A prayer circle was formed around her at the time. In about thirty minutes after I received the witness, she claimed the victory. I was blessed the rest of the night, even in my sleep.

It was just as clear as my own conversion

that God wanted me to give my time and everything to His service. I had a few sharp conflicts before I left home, and several battles since, but I am, by the grace of God, still in the fight with victory in my soul, and the blessed consciousness that the Holy Spirit is leading me.

Yours, at Jesus' feet,

(REV.) GEO. CHAMBERS.

IN HIS IMAGE

I praise God that He saves me from all sin. Ten years ago I heard the power of God preached for the first time, and I felt I was such a sinner. I could see nothing but myself and sin; but one night in a neighbor's house, the light of heaven broke into my heart, and the load of sin rolled away.

I thought I had all anyone could have, but later I felt that there was still sin in my heart, and I got down again before God, and He gave me a clean heart, filled it with love, and stamped His own lovely image all over my nature, and He has kept me ever since. Bless His holy name forever!

MRS. WM. ATCHISON.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."

THE DAYS OF MIRACLES NOT PAST

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." Heb. 13:8.

For eight years I had hardly known what it was to be without pain. I went to physician after physician, and specialist after specialist, but could get no help.

I went through two operations for abscesses. Three days after my first operation the doctor told me I would have to go through another. For a moment, I thought, how can I stand it? I did not mind the first so much, as I did not know what I had to suffer. I felt I would never go through the second, as I was so weak, and had suffered so much because of the first. In about two weeks I went though the second. Sometimes I felt the furnace was heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, yet the form of the fourth walked in the midst of the fire, and I came out without the smell of fire on my garments. Glory to Jesus!

My wounds turned into running sores. I had to dress them two or three times a day; the same during the night. They were very painful. Shortly after, other abscesses formed, and while they would be gathering, the pain would be so great. I am sure I could never have borne it, but God's grace was always sufficient. Every

night I would think, surely Jesus will come for me, and I often would pray, Jesus, take me to-night. There would be weeks at a time that I would hardly get one-half hour's sleep; but how Jesus would cheer, comfort, and light up my room with heavenly light, and I would hear Him say, "Fear not, my child, this will work out for you a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory." I never once felt like murmuring or complaining. How the blessing of God steals over me as I write.

About two weeks before I went to camp meeting an abscess broke on my spine, and as soon as I was able I went to see a specialist. His reply was "My dear child, I don't know what saved your life when that abscess broke." Time after time he would tell me he could do nothing for me; but my sufferings were so great at times I would go to him, thinking he might help me some. The last time I went to him, he told me with tears in his eyes, that I had spinal diseases and there was no help. I asked him if it would be all right for me to go to camp meeting. He said "Go anywhere you like, and enjoy yourself, for you will not last much longer."

I was glad to think I was going home in a little while to be with Jesus, and yet when I would think how great is the harvest and how few the workers, I felt like saying, Lord spare my

life a little while longer. I knew God would heal me, as I had been healed of other things before, but was afraid to ask for fear it might not be His will. When I would pray for God to heal me, something would say, "Are you willing to do anything or go anywhere Jesus wants you?" At times I felt God was calling me to the work, and would say, well, Lord, you know I cannot go while I am like this.

My sister and I started for camp meeting on the 28th of June. I was so weak and failing very fast. I knew if I didn't get healed I could not last much longer. My sufferings were so great I could hardly get my mind on anything.

I had taken morphine for a long time, but it did not seem to ease the pain much. I took from one to five tablets a day, and the night before I was healed, I had taken an extra tablet; but all that night I was in such agony I begged the Lord to take me. The next morning I said to a friend, If I am no better to-morrow, I will have to go home.

Monday night came and I was no better, but growing worse. Teatime came and I thought I would sit down and perhaps I could eat something, as it might be my last privilege of surrounding a table with the rest. I was suffering so much I had to leave the table, and go out and walk around the tents. When tea was over, and

they knelt down to pray, I heard them, and said to a friend: Let us go, I must get there. I was so weak I nearly fainted. We reached the tent and I fell on my knees and cried Oh, Lord, heal me or take me, as I cannot stand it much longer. Just then it came to me, "If God heals you, will you go any place He wants you to go?" I said, "Yes, Lord, I will." That was the first time I felt I could be healed. Just the moment I knew it was God's will I took Him at His word. Then the Lord came and touched this body of mine, and the healing power, like electricity, went through me. A moment before I was healed my body was full of pain, and my throat was so swollen that I could hardly eat anything. When God healed me, the pains all left my body and the swelling went out of my throat. From that moment I have had no pain, and am continuing to grow stronger and stronger. I have never taken any morphine since, and have no desire for it. The doctors told me if I did get better, I could never give it up; but, glory to Jesus, it is all gone. Jesus took the desire away.

After I was healed everything looked so different, even the leaves and green grass, seemed to look more beautiful than ever before. I feel I am living in a different world now. My wounds are all healed and I have gained eighteen pounds.

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

Jesus keeps me saved, sanctified, anointed and healed.

Your sister at Jesus' feet,

L. P. FINLAY.

A PRAISE MEETING FROM THE WEST

MISS ANNIE SNELGROVE. I have much to praise God for. This has been a wonderful day. I praise Him that He has touched my body again. I will never be able to praise Him enough for all He has done. He has saved, sanctified, and He baptizes me with the Holy Ghost and with Fire. Where He leads me, I will follow.

MRS. J. MCDONALD. I have a heart to praise my God, a heart from sin set free. I often think that I would not know what to live for if I had not Jesus. Praise His dear name for his salvation. It is the only thing on earth worth living for. I praise Him from the depths of my soul. This is a salvation that we cannot keep to ourselves.

Hymn,—"Keep close to Jesus all the way."

REV. E. FEATHERSTONE. If anybody has a right to praise God, I have. I was once far away

from the Saviour, and thought I was too wicked to be saved. One night I went to meeting to have a good time by laughing and making fun, but could not do so. I felt I was a sinner, sinking into hell, and if I did not get religion that night I never would. I cannot tell you how I got to the altar, but I got there. I did not have to pray half-an-hour to get converted. I prayed from the depths of my heart, and soon I was saved fom all my sins. I felt the peace of God in my heart. He kept me in my home, when I was at work in the field, and everywhere; He cleansed all the sin out of my heart. He called me to preach the Gospel. After I had been in the work a short time I contracted a cold which resulted in consumption. People said: "He is sure to die." A voice said, "God has called you to a special work," and I felt in myself "I shall live and not die"; I am healed to-night. He pours His Spirit upon me, baptizing me with the Holy Ghost and with Fire." I have no other desire than to glorify God.

Hymn,—"I never will cease to love Him."

Miss V. Glass. Never will I cease to love Him, He has done so much for me. I praise Him for saving my soul. He keeps me day by day under the precious blood. I have real vic-

tory in my soul. He is all and in all to me. I am kept by the power of God.

Hymn,—"Would you know why I love Jesus!"

Miss J. Grant. I praise the Lord I have salvation. He keeps me every moment. He saves me from all sin. I feel to-night like following Him all the way. He sanctifies me wholly, and baptizes me with the Holy Ghost and with Fire. He gives me the desire of my heart. I am after precious souls, to bring them to Jesus. I expect to follow Him all the way.

Hymn,—"More about Jesus would I know."

W. P. Hall. If any one has a right to praise God, I have. Before I was converted I was a hot headed fellow, full of crankiness, picking flaws in people, etc.; but God has saved me from all that. Since God gave me a revelation of myself, I find I have no time for that sort of thing. I cannot tell you all that God has done for me. I cannot tell you half. It gives me power to reach the people I talk to about salvation. While I am working in God's vineyard, He keeps me well blest.

Hymn,—"It may not be on the mountain top," etc.

Mr. Alf. Dowell. Bless God for victory in my soul. "The prince of this world cometh, but findeth nothing in me." God tells me to be of good cheer; I am with thee. This is blessed. I cannot put in words what it is like. Bless Him, we are on the winning side.

Sister E. M. Geddes. I feel it is good to be here. God saves me from all sin; the blood has been applied to my soul afresh. This has been a real good day to my soul.

Hymn,—"Since I have been redeemed," etc.

Miss C. Cudmore. I praise God I found the Saviour. I cannot half praise Him for all His love to me. When I think of the way He has blessed me, my heart is filled with praise to Him. I feel Jesus is the fairest of ten thousand to my soul. I am glad that He satisfies as nothing else can do. I praise Him with all my heart.

Mr. F. Dowdell. I praise the Lord for great hopes, not only for the future life, but right here and now; hopes that I never could have had before. The Lord helps us in all our work. It is so different than when we were in sin. It is so nice to be telling the story, the old, old story; to tell it simply and plainly, and in a manner so that it will reach others. I have found from experience at Normal School that there is more power

in telling the story of salvation than in any other; more to hold the interest of children. It means a lot to tell this story of Jesus and His love. There is something that speaks to the heart.

MISS H. BOWERING. I praise God for real victory in my soul.

> "There is no thirsting for life's pleasures,
> Nor adorning rich or gay;
> I have found a richer treasure,
> One that fadeth not away."

I praise Him for the blessed joy and peace He puts in my soul. He keeps my eyes centered on Him. These are wonderful days to my soul. He saves me throughout spirit, soul and body.

SISTER BURKE. I know what it was to be a sinner; I know something about the separation from sin. I withdrew from its paths. Jesus showed me what a sad condition I was in. I could not see myself; it was only by His help that I could know my real condition. To-night I have a great deal to praise God for. When I look back I seem to get a glimpse of what my past life was. I was very hot-headed and quick-tempered. My heart was full of sin. To-night I am converted to God. Oh, how I praise Him! I am not my own, for I have been bought with a price, even with the precious blood of Christ. Hallelujah! My heart was emptied, but now it is full of

praises to God. I feel like telling the story of Jesus and His love, spending and being spent for the salvation of souls, and in any way that will bring glory to God. My soul goes out for the masses. God has provided that not one should perish, but that all may come to Him and find salvation.

Hymn,—"Since Christ my soul from sin set free."

BRO. D. R. GEDDES. These are wonderful days to me. I sometimes feel I am living for the home in heaven. This is our great business. "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I feel a great desire to live for souls and to be where God can use me.

A SISTER. I praise the Lord I feel the love of Jesus in my soul. Jesus is mine and I am His. It is my whole aim and object to so live in this world that others will know that God is living in me.

Hymn,—"I know He's mine, this Friend so dear."

BRO. CASWELL. My experiences are varied. Sometimes I feel like Paul, when he said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." At other times, my experience is like that of Peter; again it is like John. I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.

I have no greater joy than to see you all making advancement in the kingdom of God. I sometimes feel like St. Jude, that ye should "earnestly contend for the faith that was once delivered unto the saints." Glory to God! Bless Him for the privilege of living underneath the Fire and Power of God. God seems to run me back to the Old Testament in the words of Isaiah, "Oh, that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down, or, like Jeremiah, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." At other times I am lifted up to say like Micah, "Truly I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord and of judgment and of might to declare unto Jacob his transgression and to Israel his sin." And then again He seems to take me back to the New Testament. I seem to see the hundred and twenty all in the upper room with one accord, when, "suddenly there came a sound as of a rushing mighty wind and it filled all the place where they were sitting and there appeared unto them cloven tongues like of fire and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." Sometimes if need be I am in "heaviness through manifold temptation" for a season, but I have learned not "to think it strange con-

cerning the fiery trial," and my prayer to God is, "Let it remain as long as you see best." Sometimes He lets it remain for days. The Lord keeps me where I am having constant victory in my own soul, and I find these are the times when I can help somebody else most. For as the sufferings of Christ "abound in us, so our consolation abundeth in Christ"; for whether we be comforted it is for your comfort and consolation. This is to help us to reach out and help somebody else. If I am comforted it is for the salvation of others. "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." I look up and say, "Oh, God, You know when to send everything; when to send a cloud-burst, when to send the beautiful sunshine. Lord, Thou knowest how to run all these things." I drop down into nothing and exclaim, "He sends it, and good is the will of the Lord." Sometimes, under th blessing, I cry like a child; other times He make me laugh, and again He blesses me so that I do not want to speak lest I break the spell. All these experiences are just right. It will be wonderful when we can sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God and hear them tell of battles fought and victories won. My soul is, at times, caught up so that I can say in

the language of Charles Wesley, "I rode in chariot of fire."

A MIRACLE OF GRACE

I was born in Fulton Co., Ark., U.S.A., on February 17th, 1867. My parents moved to Texas in the fall of 1870. They joined the Campbellite Church. At the age of thirteen I joined the same church, but without salvation. My cousin and I were baptized the same day, yet we would not speak to each other. My father's house was the preacher's home, yet I do not remember of ever hearing a prayer outside the church. The preachers came and went laughing and jesting just like any one else.

My father was of a roving disposition and continually was in search of a better country, generally moving to a sparsely settled part, where religious advantages were scarce. A wild, rough girl was the result. At the age of eighteen I was married, against my parents' will, to a man of like character. Then commenced a life of drinking, dancing and card-playing. I do not remember of being drunk; but must say, to my shame, that more than once I had all I could possibly stand. I would try to see how much I could drink without getting drunk.

Many times did the Spirit of the Lord strive with me, seeking to draw me away from this wicked life, but I resisted. Oh, the patience and long-suffering of God! How deep I sank in sin, I almost tremble to think of it.

In August, 1897, some holiness people saw the condition I was in, and prayed for me. With their prayers came twenty-two months of a living hell. I was reaping what I had sown. Words would fail to express the pain, sorrow and heartaches; the long nights I tossed on my bed too miserable to sleep until finally I decided to put an end to it by taking my life. It was while standing on the brink of a suicide's grave that God, in His loving mercy, reached down and saved my poor sin-tossed soul.

In June, 1900, a holiness preacher began revival meetings near our home. The first sermon put me under conviction. For about two weeks I lay at Jesus' feet, pleading for mercy. Conviction became so deep I lost desire for food. I saw myself a degraded sinner on the road to hell. The blood of Jesus was my only refuge. They talked of closing the meetings. I knew if they did, I would never get saved, for the Lord had showed me I was getting my last chance. I fasted and prayed more earnestly. The seventh day of July God spoke peace to my soul. Oh, the joy and peace of salvation! How precious! How sweet!

No one but those who are born of the Spirit can know.

In August of the same year, my husband and I went to Sunset, Texas, to attend a Holiness camp meeting. I was very anxious to get wholly sanctified. I did not see how I could stand without it. I did not then know that it takes holiness to get us to heaven. On going to the altar I was asked had I consecrated all. I said, yes. They replied, "Claim it my faith, and it's yours." At first I refused to do so, but finally decided, as they were old in experience, and I just converted, that they knew best. I took it by faith (?). It was battle after battle with the "old man."

That fall we moved over in what is now Kiowa Co., Okla., then just opening up for settlement. Here our faith was tried. My husband got into trouble with the Kiowa Indians, by one Indian renting him another Indian's pasture. We had to move out on six hours' notice. No money, no friends, in fact, very few people there, except Indians. I went to my knees for help, and it came, too. Praise Him! The new year found us with our household goods piled out, with the blue sky over them.

The Lord brought us back to Duncan, Okla., and gave us a nice little home.

On January 9, 1903, Brother Burns, of Smith's Falls, Canada, commenced a series of

meetings at this place. I soon saw I was not sanctified wholly. I at once became an earnest seeker for a clean heart.

From the tenth of January until the fourteenth of February, I battled with the inbred monster, fasting sixteen days and nights. It seemed I never could exercise faith for its removal. On the evening of the fourteenth the man of sin was slain, and every one within hearing distance knew something had happened. Praise God! I did not need any one to tell me I had it. My friend, in whose home I was at the time, was overcome with the blessing of God. Another was crying to God to sanctify her, too; while two others and myself were hopping over the room, praising God.

Up to this time I had got along well with professors, but there was something now in my life they didn't like. One by one, they turned their back on me, but Jesus stood by me, and comforted me with His presence.

I was not converted very long when I heard a sermon on restitution. I was glad to get a chance to straighten up my crooked life, confess my wrongs to my fellowmen and beg forgiveness. I had so much of it to do that the Lord showed it to me little by little, as I had strength to bear it; but, praise God, it's all under the blood.

MRS. G. A. HARNSBERGER.

SALVATION AND RESTITUTION

In August, 1897, Sisters Coulthart and Moke, evangelists of the Holiness Movement Church, pitched their tent in the grove of Mr. Miles Robinson, Violet, Ont., Can.

I attended those meetings each night for two weeks, without any impression being made on my heart other than I believed it was the right way and the real thing.

On the evening of August 31st, while standing as the invitation hymn was being sung, God let such powerful conviction fall on my soul, and in such torrents, that I trembled and shook as with an ague. A voice said, "Now or never, this is your chance to get salvation."

As Sister Moke urged, I started, and somehow reached the altar. Praying that night was impossible as the enemy showed me every eye was upon me. Many of my unsaved companions were present, of whom I had always been a leader in frolic, revelry and sin. How the enemy tried to have me profess religion.. I said before that congregation, "If there is anything in religion, I am going to seek until I find it." It seemed easier from that time. Immediately I began to make restitution. Melon patches and hickory nut groves, etc., etc., that I, with others, had visited,

came up before me. I had to straighten up with the owners.

Though I was a slave to tobacco, pool, cards, the theatre, and loved the social glass, these all fell off with my first instalment of conviction.

On Sepetember the 6th, I attended the afternoon service, and, while at the altar calling upon God, and being instructed by Sister Coulthart, light broke in upon my soul, and I was made a new creature. Truly, "Old things passed away, and, behold all things became new." Praise God forever and ever!

Upon leaving the tent that afternoon, all nature seemed praising God. The sun shone so brightly, the trees, the hills, the valleys, everythings seemed so changed. "Oh, what a change! Oh, what a change!"

It seemed God with all His attributes reigned in my heart. I thought I should never again feel a ripple on my soul. I was deluged in love, and my inner self laughed that there could be any experience other than this attainable in this life.

How soon I saw my mistake; for, in a few days after, while driving unruly cattle, I saw such a glimpse of the evil nature within that my heart and nature cried for deliverance, and praise God, at the same altar, on the same ground, I died out to this old sinful world, and, though the man of sin died hard and the struggle was long, I

praise God that just now the precious blood does cleanse, and He does baptize with the Holy Ghost and with Fire. Praise His name!

"In Him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below;
And freely the blood is applied,
The blood that makes whiter than snow."

God has led me in a plain path. I was naturally proud and haughty. I loved dress and show, but when Jesus came in, these things dropped off.

I want to testify that after over twelve years in this way, Jesus still satisfies, and I love the plain, pilgrim, old-fashioned, holy, happy way to heaven.

W. MALCOLM PERRY.

RESULTS OF CONVICTION

My parents were members of the Holiness Movement Church. While I knew I did not measure up to their standard, I prided myself on my morality. I delighted to attend Church and Sunday school. I was also a worker in the Epworth League.

During the Holiness Movement revival in Roblin, 1910, God's Spirit strove mightily with me. He showed me that my righteousness was

as filthy rags in His sight, and I was a poor, lost sinner.

For six weeks I was under deep conviction. I attended the meetings every night, but would lay hold of the seat to keep from yielding. Satan held out many inducements. He told me I would be an old woman, and have no more enjoyment if I sought salvation. But God did not leave me, and His Spirit at last prevailed.

On January 11th, I went home from the meeting under such deep conviction I could not talk. I should have gone to the altar, and I was afraid God would withdraw His Holy Spirit from me.

On arriving at home, I asked my parents to pray with me; and, for over an hour we prayed. Oh, how bitterly I repented of my sins, and for grieving such a loving Jesus. Still I did not feel much better. I went to my room. The enemy tried to discourage me; but I knelt again, feeling I wanted a clear witness that my sins were all forgiven. I opened my Bible. My eyes fell on the verse, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." I sprang to my feet, praising God. That moment I felt the burden of sin roll away. Oh, hallelujah! I felt as light as a feather. How the glory seemed to shine all around me—the room was full of it. Glory! The whole family was aroused. I couldn't praise God enough.

The next few days were like living in heaven. Jesus was very precious to me. I began walking in all the light He gave me. I had been very proud, but now my whole desire was to be a plain follower of Jesus.

About three weeks after my conversion, under Rev. A. T. Warren's preaching, on Entire Sanctification, I saw my need of a clean heart, and began seeking for it.

On Sunday morning, January 23rd, I awoke feeling so hungry for holiness I was willing to do anything to obtain it. I felt I must have it before the day closed. I arose and saw various articles lying around, and although I had ceased to wear them, I did not want anything "on the shelf"; so I gathered them up to take them down to the kitchen stove. All this time God was pouring His blessing out upon me, and at times I would have to break forth in shouts of praise.

As I was combing my hair something seemed to tell me that that way of dressing the hair did not please God. I immediately took out the combs and combed my hair down and braided it as I had seen Sister McRoberts wear her's. The blessing began coming down greater than ever, and I ran downstairs praising God at every step. Still I knew this was not Entire Sanctification. All the way to church my whole being was crying out to God for a clean heart. Mr. Warren

again preached on the Second Blessing, and I could hardly wait until he gave the opportunity to come and seek it.

I rushed to the altar, and, praise God, I was not seeking long before He gave me the blessing as clear and definite as my justification. I have no words to describe how His blessing flooded my soul.

It is now over a year since, but praise God, the blessing flows to-day as fresh as ever. Instead of making me dull and long-faced, it has been the opposite. The past year has been the best of my life.

Yours, in the battle,

EVELYN P. YORKE.

SAVED, CLEANSED, HEALED

Thirteen years ago I attended a revival meeting at Wooler, conducted by Messrs. Robert and Richard Twiddy. I had never attended such a meeting before; such plain, straight Gospel truths; their fervent prayers. The faith they had in God was wonderful.

God showed me I was not right. One afternoon I yielded to God, hating all my sins, and determined never to commit another. I sought the Lord with all my heart and He saved me. I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. The dark

past was all under the blood. Such a wonderful deliverance!

For seven months I lived in this blessed state, having power over all sin, and continually receiving blessings from heaven. God showed me I needed holiness, and assured me that holiness was for me, and I did not have it. I sought earnestly for it.

A four days' convention was announced and I said, surely I will get holiness before these meetings close. I hated the sin of my heart. On the last day of the meeting the precious, cleansing blood flowed over my soul. The Holy Spirit bore witness to the fact.

In conclusion, I wish to say that God has enabled me to trust Him for my body. I have often been healed in answer to prayer. On one occasion I had a badly sprained ankle. I could not step on it, and was suffering very much. A lady came in to see me, and said, "You are surely laid up for a month." About ten o'clock a man of God came in. After talking for a few moments about my helpless condition, and how much my family was depending on me, he said, "Well, let us ask God about it." We knelt in prayer. In about two or three minutes I felt virtue coming to my ankle. I sprang to my feet, praising God, and stamping my foot on the floor. There was so much of the healing power in it that I could

not keep still. For two hours I paced the floor praising God.

He can do "exceeding, abundantly above all we can ask or think.

MRS. HENRY SHARPE.

SAVIOUR AND PHYSICIAN

From my earliest recollections, I wanted to be a Christian. I went forward repeatedly, but was not really saved until I was eighteen years of age. "Oh, happy day!" I had no light on holiness until the year 1892, when I heard the welcome news that I could be delivered from the remains of anger, malice, jealousy, pride and everything else the carnal mind is composed of. I repented of it. The repentance was deeper than at conversion. I died hard, but I died sure.

Iwill never forget December 18th, 1892, when my Saviour led me into the land of Canaan, where He feeds me with "The finest of the wheat, and honey out of the rock." Hallelujah!

A few days after He sanctified me wholly, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire. It came with cloven tongues as of fire, as on the day of Pentecost. It is on me still.

I had been greatly afflicted for years, and like the woman that came to Jesus to be healed, had

suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. After being told by doctors at home, nothing more could be done for me, I went to a specialist in Montreal. He performed a very serious operation. I was there two months and two days before he pronounced me out of danger. It was months before I could sit up. He said I would have to come back when I got a little stronger and undergo another operation, and that I would never be anything but an invalid as long as I lived. I commenced to look to Jesus for help, as I had read of two young women that had been healed, and knew He was no respecter of persons.

The Lord helped me to get to the layman's camp meeting at Chesterville. I sought the great Healer for healing. I felt as anxious as I did for the pardon of my sins. I wanted strength of body to work for Jesus. The Lord revealed Himself to me. I saw Him standing before me and He enabled me to touch the hem of His garment. He said, "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole." Glory to His matchless name! I was healed on August 26th, 1894. I was made every whit whole.

That is nearly fifteen years ago. He is still my Great Physician.

Your sister in Jesus,

L. F. KIRKPATRICK.

LASTING PLEASURES

I was very indifferent with regard to my soul's welfare. I attended church to meet with the young folks and make plans for worldly pleasures. I was more anxious to hear the announcement for a picnic, social, or tea-meeting than the prayer meeting.

In the month of February, 1902, I was brought under deep conviction for my sins through the efforts of a man who had but lately been converted. His exhortations, under the power and demonstration of the Spirit made me tremendously hungry for salvation.

For a time I did not know what was wrong with me. Nothing seemed to please me. God revealed to me my lost and undone condition. Condemnation for sin became very great.

About that time there was a prayer meeting held in my father's house. There was no altar call, but an opportunity was given to tell what the Lord was doing. I thought I would inform the people of my condition, but it seemed impossible for me to make the attempt.

I became more desperate than ever. I made up my mind that no one would get ahead of me in the next meeting. When the opportunity was given, I stood up, and said, "God is letting me

see my self a desperate sinner, but I am bound to have victory."

I did not have the word "bound" out of my mouth, when the burden rolled away and the glory of God filled my soul. I shouted; I laughed; I cried; I declared victory in the name of Jesus. The old man of sin was so stunned that he did not even struggle for five months. During that time I thought that God had given me everything there was for me. I was made a new creature. Old things had passed away, and behold, all things had become new. Since then it has been my delight to get into a good prayer meeting.

There came a time when I felt the uprisings of inbred sin. I was ploughing a piece of new ground, which was very rough. I had not gone three rounds until I felt the uprisings of anger in my heart. I knew what it was as soon as I felt it, and looked to God for grace. When I got to the end of the field I felt God leading me to go to camp meeting. I let the horses go, got on a wheel, and started for Stittsville. I could hear them praying when I was three-quarters of a mile away. I liked the joyful sound, though I had never been at a camp meeting before.

The first meeting I was in I ran to the altar. I repented of the inbred sin of my heart, and, by faith, plunged into the fountain of cleansing. The

sin was purged out and my whole soul restored to the love and image of God.

A short time after, while engaged in prayer for others, God baptised me with the Holy Ghost and with Fire to preach the Gospel of Jesus.

I have passed through deep waters, but have proved God's grace to be sufficient.

Yours, under the blood,

(REV.) GEO. L. MONAHAN.

CONVERSION AND CALL TO PREACH

The first impression that was made upon my mind relative to my soul's salvation, was when I heard a conversation about someone being converted the night before. I asked my sister what it meant to be converted. She replied that sinners went to the penitent form, confessed their sins, and Jesus saved them. My interest was aroused, and I went to the meeting that night. I shall never forget the sight. They were praying, crying, and pounding the seats; but there was such a spirit of revival I was swept into the kingdom. I was but ten years of age, young and tender, so it was very easy for me to get converted. I was very happy; and, in my child-like faith, could go to God for every need.

I did not retain this experience very long. I attended school, where a great deal was said

about shouting Methodists. Much persecution came to those who professed to be the children of God.

For some years I prayed before retiring at night, until a comrade rebuked me for doing that while I lived an ungodly life. It took some time for me to get away into sin, as my conscience was easily pricked; but, by degrees, I got away from a tender conscience, and began to take the social glass. I went with the ungodly to the dance, though considered by the outside world as a moral young man. I tried to keep my sins hidden from my mother; and, for her sake, was kept out of many things that would tend to draw me downward.

Skepticism and infidelity made inroads upon my mind. When I thought myself bolstered up in my unbelief, the Spirit of God would bring to my mind my early conversion, my mother's life, her God-fearing spirit, her faith in the Almghty to answer prayer; and, then, my unbelief would crumble from beneath me, and leave me under condemnation. At times, I would ask God not to damn my soul in hell; but to remember me in mercy.

When I would hear of the sudden death of some young man, I would be in a terrible state. I often fell on my knees in the field, and asked God to save my soul; but, being unwilling to

confess Him before men, my prayer was unanswered. None but God knew the condition of my mind.

God's Spirit pursued me; and, at times, I was in great trouble about my soul. Occasionally the boys said, "Warren, they will make a Methodist out of you yet." My reply was, "They will never get me." I thought if I ever joined a church it would be the Presbyterian, as they never asked their members to testify or pray.

In the fall of 1886, the Methodists announced special meetings in their new church. When I heard this, God's Spirit wrought mightily upon me. I had almost decided to get converted, when I received a letter from my father, requesting me not to attend. He was very set in his views, and enforced discipline on his family. Though I was of age, I felt it my duty to obey him. I tried to make a bargain with the Lord: if He would change my father's views, and allow me to attend, I would get converted. After two weeks, the meetings opened, and I felt that God was responsible for my soul, as He had not changed my father's mind.

One night, while returning from Eganville, I went in to the meeting. God moved mightily upon my soul. He made it clear to me that I must answer for myself at the judgment. The struggle began. I was strongly impressed that

this was my last call. It was "now," or "never;" yield, or be forever lost. The promise came, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Under a balsam tree, half-way between Lett's Corners and Lake Dora, I settled it, that no matter what the consequences were, I would live for God and heaven.

My repentance was deep, the burden of sin was great. It became unbearable. Outside of the church door I met the last requirement. After entering, as I was sitting down, the burden fell off my soul. I knew my sins were forgiven, and I was happy in the Lord. I was so light on my feet, I could spring over every fence on my way home. I told my mother of my new found joy. Her joy was great, as she had prayed many years for my salvation.

In the year 1890, Rev. D. T. Cummings, with Evangelist Miss Susie Williamson (now Mrs. J. Findlay) opened special meetings on the circuit. Brother Cummings received the blessing of Holiness, and began to preach this blessed doctrine. At first, I could not comprehend it. I said, "If a man got the first right, he would not need the second." I saw a young man get the blessing going out of the church. He was taken behind the church to be quieted; but he broke away and shouted the praises of God so loudly you could

hear him a mile away. As he was unable to walk, my brother had to drive him home. He aroused the people along the road with his shouts of praise. His mother was in great trouble, thinking her boy had become insane. His experience, with that of my brother's, convinced me there was a deeper work of grace. I had felt the stirrings of the carnal mind under provocation; and, at times, had a man-fearing spirit. God gave me the victory and I praised Him for His power to save and keep. I became very hungry for Holiness. I had wonderful revelations of the power of God before receiving the experience.

One night, I saw Jesus walking up the aisle. He stopped one seat ahead of where I was kneeling. A sanctified woman shouted, "The Lord is here!" She *felt* His presence; but I *saw* Him. Another night, I met Jesus on the road. He seemed to go right through me. I turned to tell the people what I had seen, but found they had left the church. The devil tempted me to quit; but to me it was holiness or hell. I had to go on to perfection, or lose the grace out of my soul. A lady encouraged me one evening by saying: "The Lord has revealed to me that if you go to Micksburg to-night, you will get the blessing." I went, determined never to return until I was entirely sanctified.

I shall never forget that night. Brother Cum-

mings seemed to get into my very soul. As he prayed the blessing came on us both, but did not abide. I remained in the church until about two o'clock in the morning, and then went to the parsonage. Next day, while at prayer, I said, "Lord, it is now or never. I will never arise until I know I am sanctified wholly." I was not on my knees ten minutes, when the Lord asked me, "Will you go to Africa?" I said, "Yes, Lord." Then and there I received the witness of the Spirit that the work was done. It was as clear as to my conversion.

I commenced to read Mrs. Cummings' Bible. All I could see was, "Holiness unto the Lord." I said to Sister Cummings, "This is the finest Bible I have ever read. It is 'Holiness unto the Lord,' from Genesis to Revelation." She said, "You can keep it."

That was Friday, January 9th, 1891, at 1.30 p.m. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! I was lost in wonder, love, and praise. My very bones seemed to yearn to tell what the Lord had done for my soul. Coming home that night, while looking upward, a stream of hot lava came pouring into my soul. My soul was abundantly satisfied. My experience was heavenly. I could "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks."

When sitting on the mower, God called me to preach the everlasting Gospel. There were many things to keep me at home. First, the prospects of this life were encouraging; comfort and wealth would be mine. Second, my inability to fill such a high calling. Third, the opposition of friends, especially to my going with the Holiness Movement, as they were destitute of parsonages and chapels, and were considered the offscouring of the earth, but I conferred not with flesh and blood.

As I saw my mother's transit to the heavenly world, I said, "Let me die the death of the righteous;" let my last end be like her's. The Lord said to me, "If you want to have such a deathbed scene, you must preach the Gospel." I said, "Lord, I will go all the way to heaven on my knees, if I may die like that."

Many pages could be written on my call to preach; the conflicts I had and how I tried to get out of entering the ministry, etc. My inability and some other things tried to keep me from obeying God on this line; but, now, if I had a thousand lives to live I would give them all to Jesus.

At our first Feast of Pentecost at Athens, I received the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and of Fire. After all had retired, I remained in the tent alone with God; and, while waiting on Him,

the Holy Ghost came on me enduing me with might, energy and power. I was as conscious that God had anointed me to preach the Gospel as I was that I was living.

Oh, the sweet communion, the holy sacredness, the divine presence! It shall never be forgotten. As I walked around the camp ground, heaven had come down to earth, and I was in the midst of it. I could smell the beautiful fragrance; my whole nature was lost in wonder, love, and praise. Paul spoke of being caught up into the third heaven; but it seemed that heaven had come down, and I was walking in a sea of glory. Since then, God has given me many special baptisms for the work of the ministry. To me, this is everything.

Much more could be written; but, lest I weary the reader, I shall refrain. My Christian experience has deepened. My soul, my nature, cries out for the living God.

Yours to spend, and to be spent, for them who have not yet my Saviour known,

(REV.) A. T. WARREN.

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

"I will be as the dew unto Israel." Hos. 14:5.

n
s
l

.
.
,
n
l
,
p
n
f
y
.

y
i-
s

n

w

5.